

JUNE
No. 83



SMASH COMICS

10¢



I.C.D.
6

TRUTH OR
CRIMESEQUENCES
QUIZ SHOW
starring
MIDNIGHT
as
QUIZMASTER



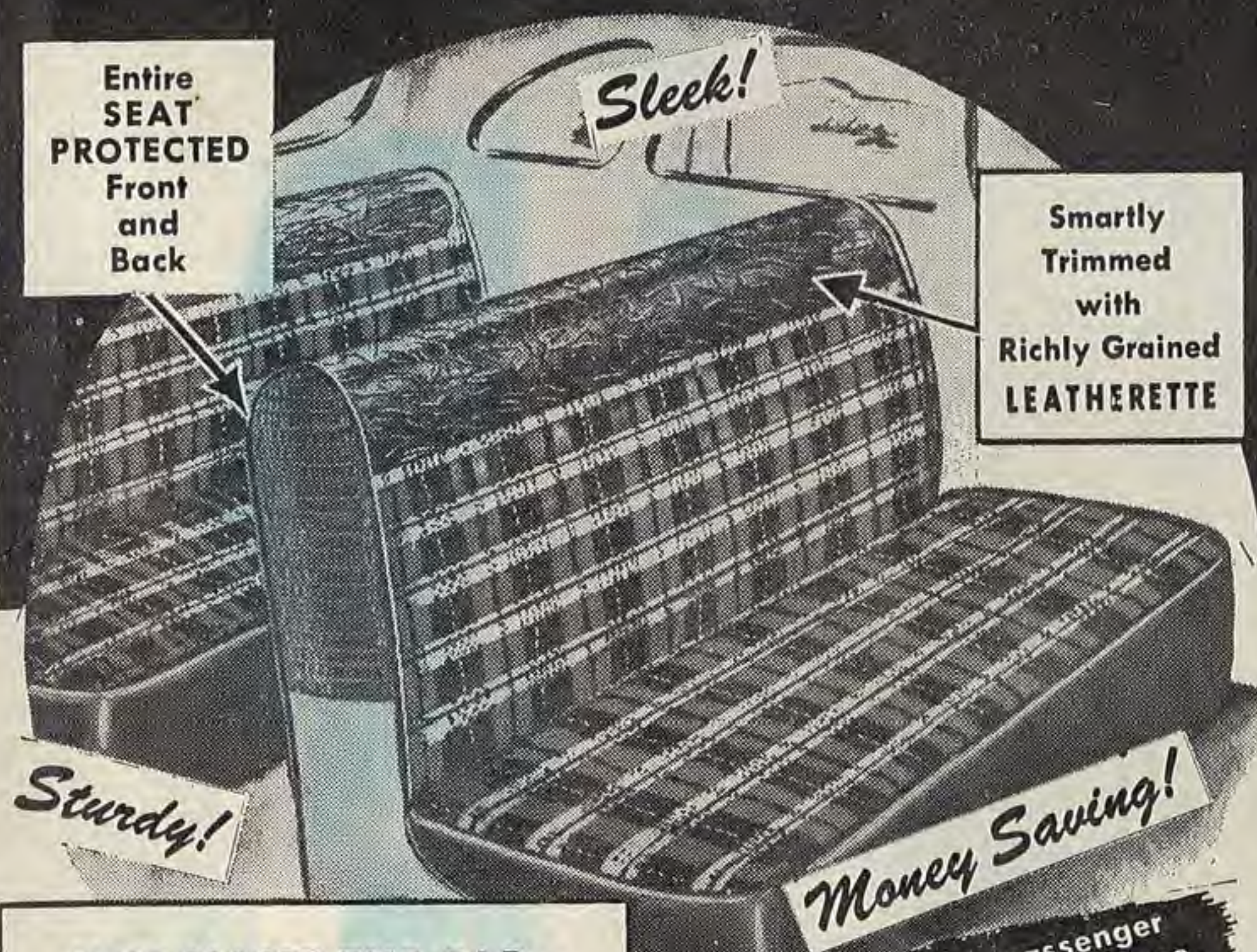
-JACK COLE-

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\$398 for 3-passenger solid back coupe, or rear seat of coach or sedan
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615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush Gaylark Seat Covers on 5-day money-back guarantee

- ☐ Complete front and back covers \$8.95 ☐ Front seat cover only \$4.98
☐ 3-pass. divided back coupe \$4.98 My car is a 19.... Make.....
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☐ Rush postpaid—\$.....enclosed. ☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.

Name.....
(please print)

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

- ☐ Please include one pair Fibre Door Protectors to match, at \$1.00 per set
☐ Wedge cushion to match, \$1.00

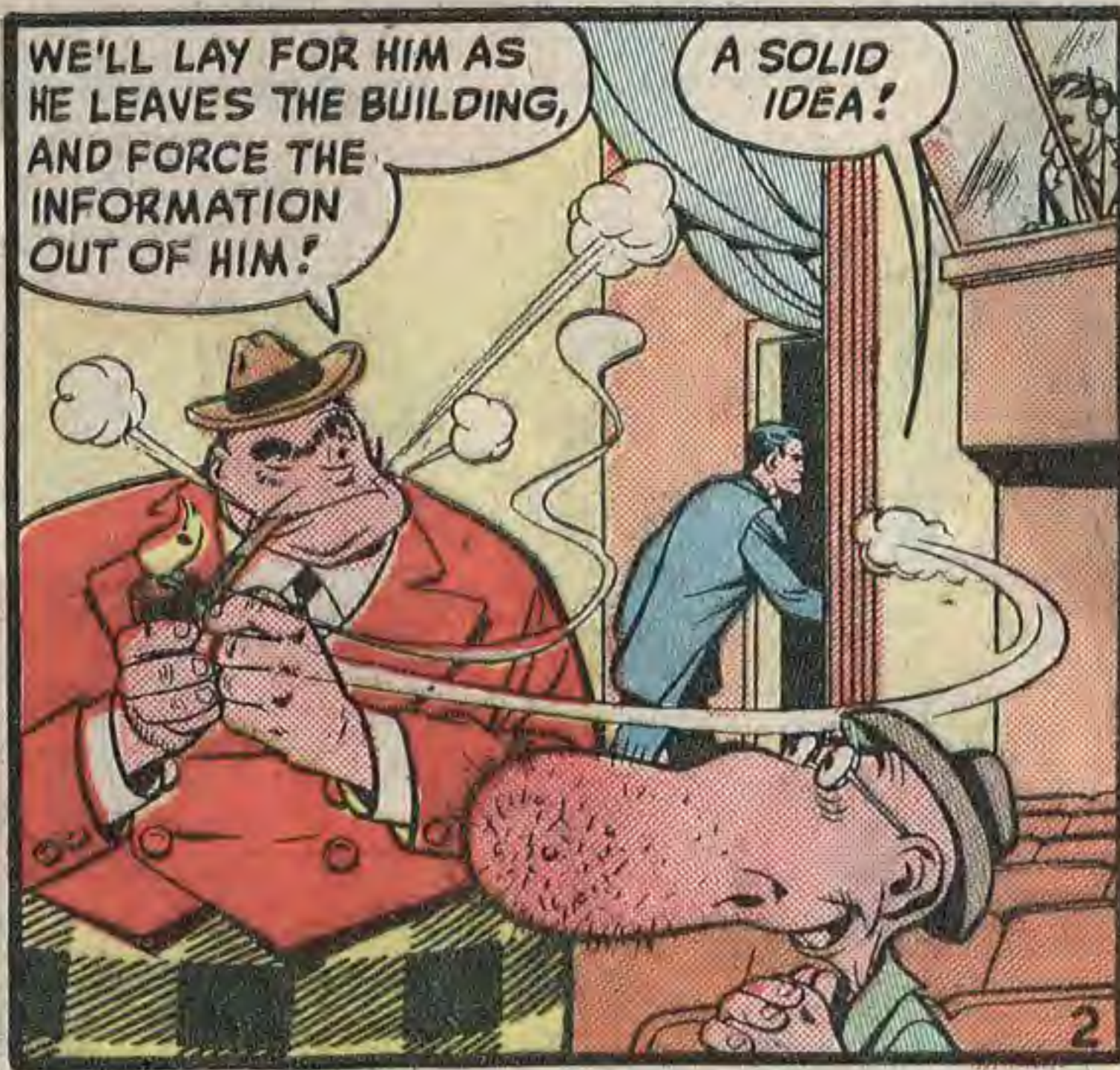
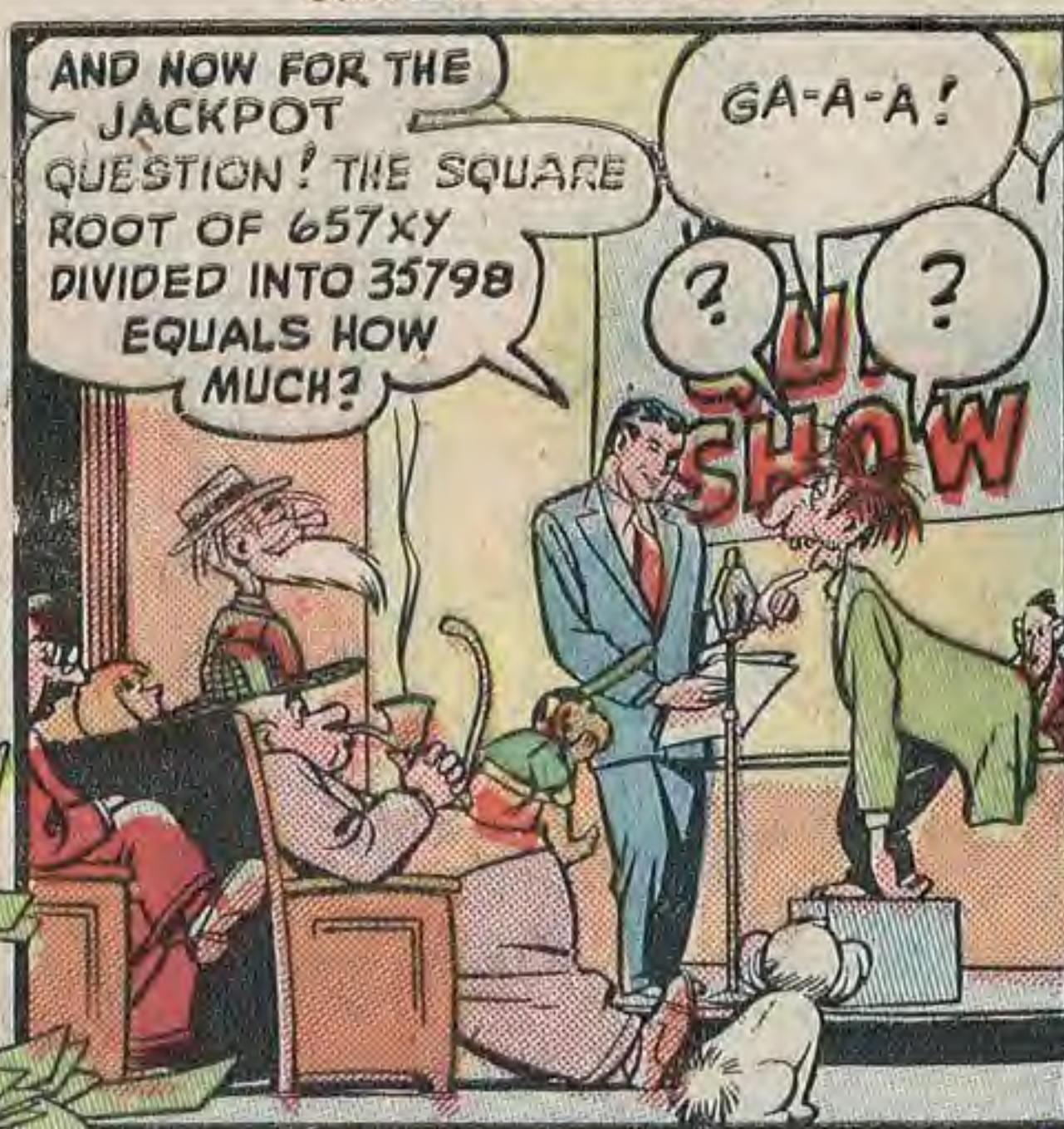
GAYLARK PRODUCTS 615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.



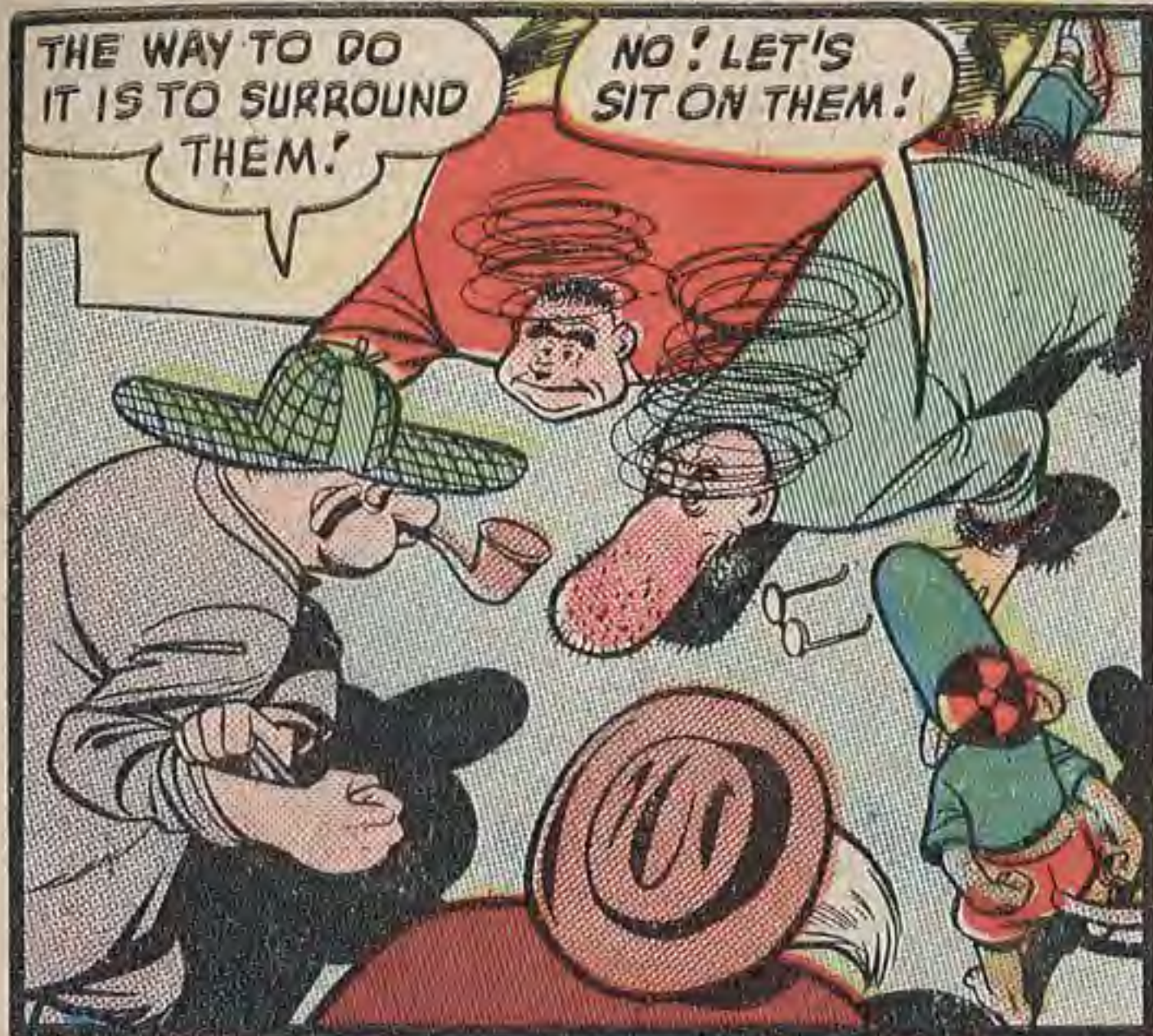
WHAT'S AN EIGHT-LETTER WORD THAT SPELLS DISASTER TO CROOKS? I JUST CAN'T THINK OF IT!

AWRK!
IT'S
MIDNIGHT!

CROSSWORD
PUZZLES







A few minutes later...



And, in another part of town ...

SINCE IT'S OBVIOUS THAT WAYLAYING DAVE CLARK IS FRAUGHT WITH DANGER, HOW DO WE GO ABOUT WINNING THE FIFTY G'S?

I BEEN PONDERIN' THE SAME PROBLEM AND I JUST GOT THE RIGHT SLANT!

REMEMBER PROFESSOR LORR, THE HUMAN ENCYCLO-PEDIA?

YEAH... THE GUY WHO DROPPED 'OUT OF THE LAST SHOW 'CAUSE THE QUESTIONS WERE TOO EASY! HE'D WIN, BUT I BETCHA HE WON'T COME!

RRR ASSSP!

SO WE MAKE HIM COME... WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THAT WE KNOCK HIM OFF IF HE DOESN'T FORK OVER THE FIFTY G'S IN THE JACKPOT!

LET'S GO FIND HIM NOW!

Soon, in Professor Lorr's Library...

...SO IF YOU DON'T DO JUST WHAT WE SAY, WE'LL FILL YOU FULL OF LEAD!

ALSO, CARVE YOU UP A GOOD DEAL!

YOU GENTLEMEN ARE VERY PERSUASIVE! I'D HARDLY BE TEMPTED TO INVITE SO MUCH TROUBLE, WHEN ANSWERING A SILLY QUESTION WOULD AVOID IT!

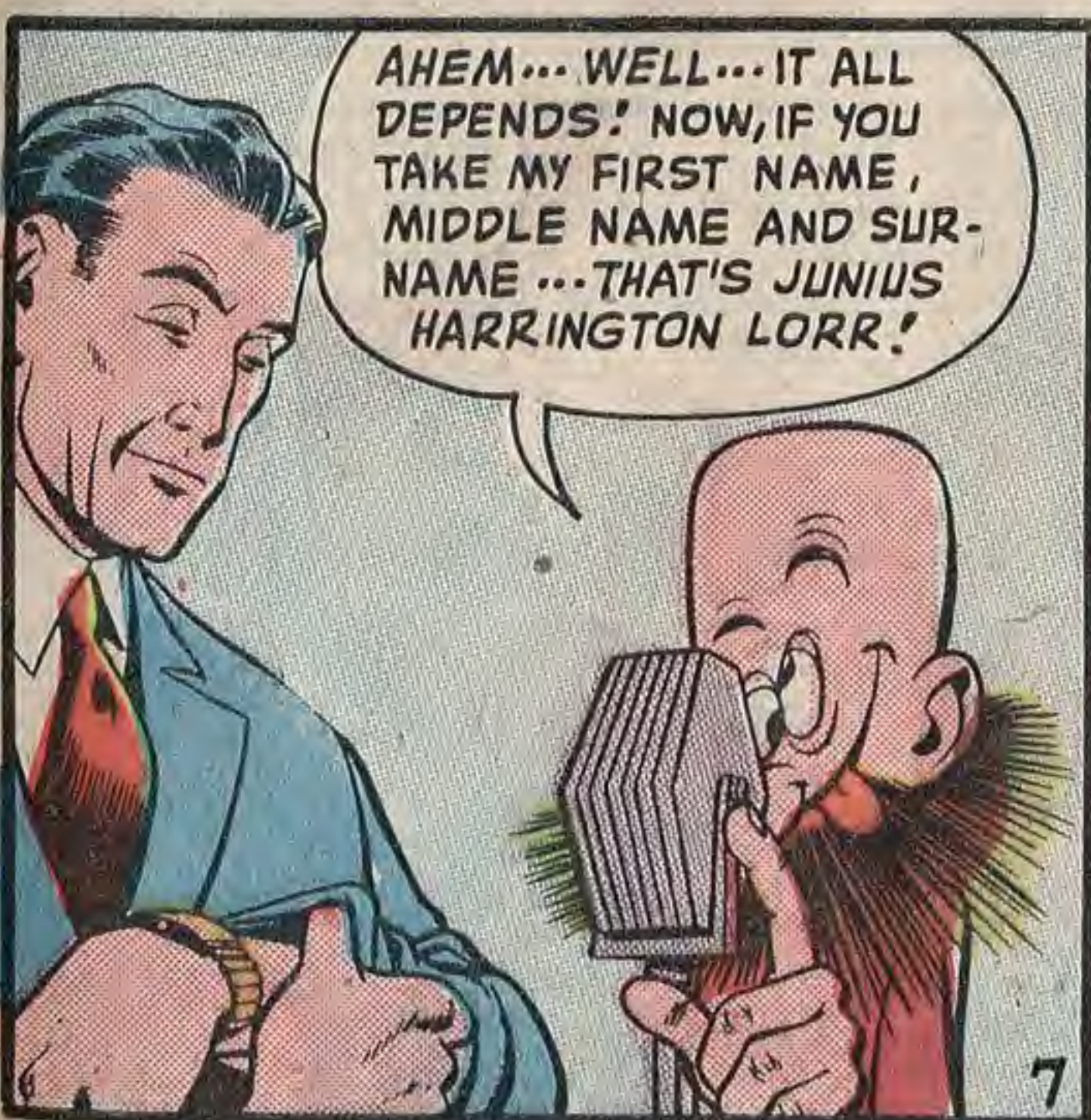
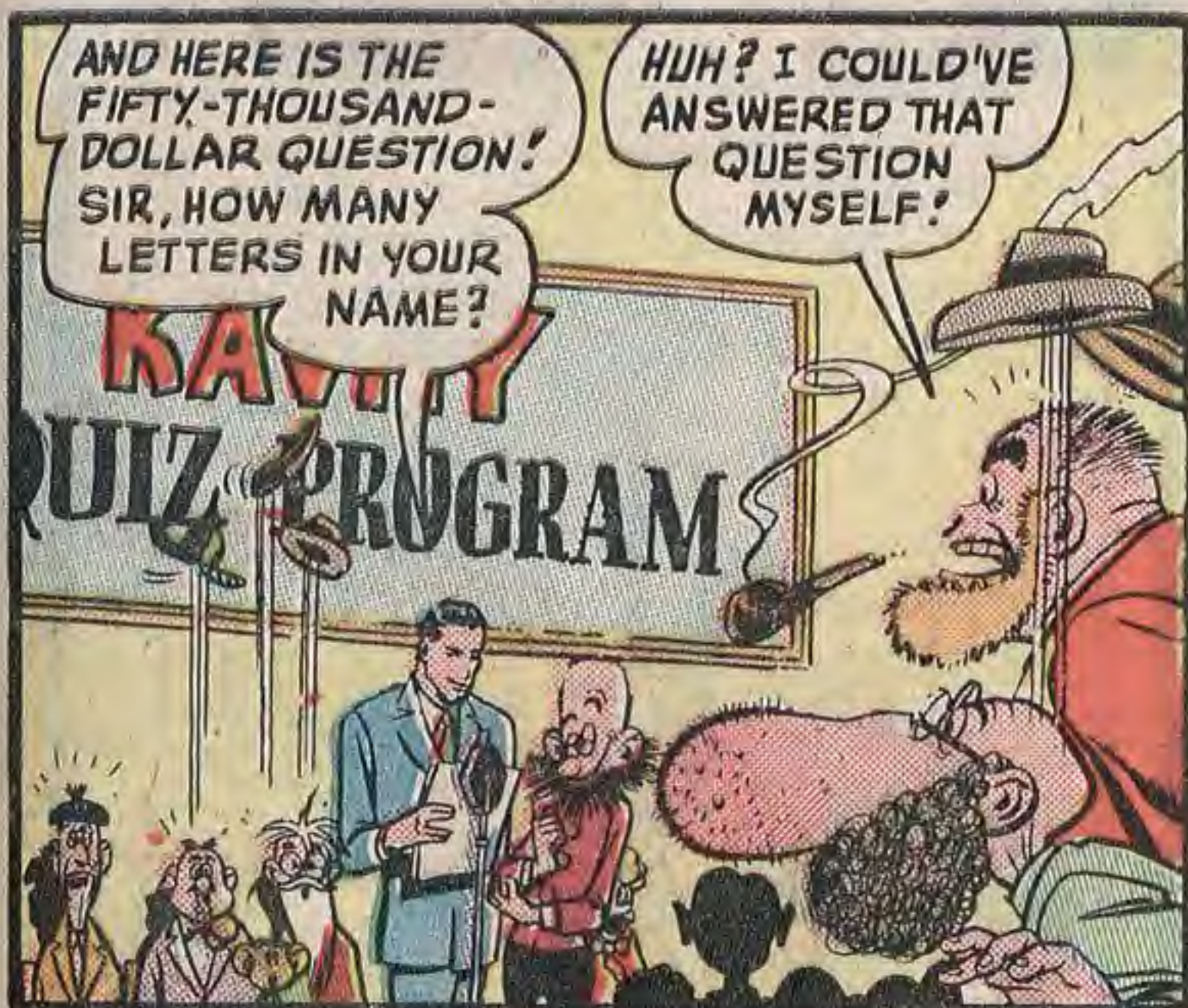
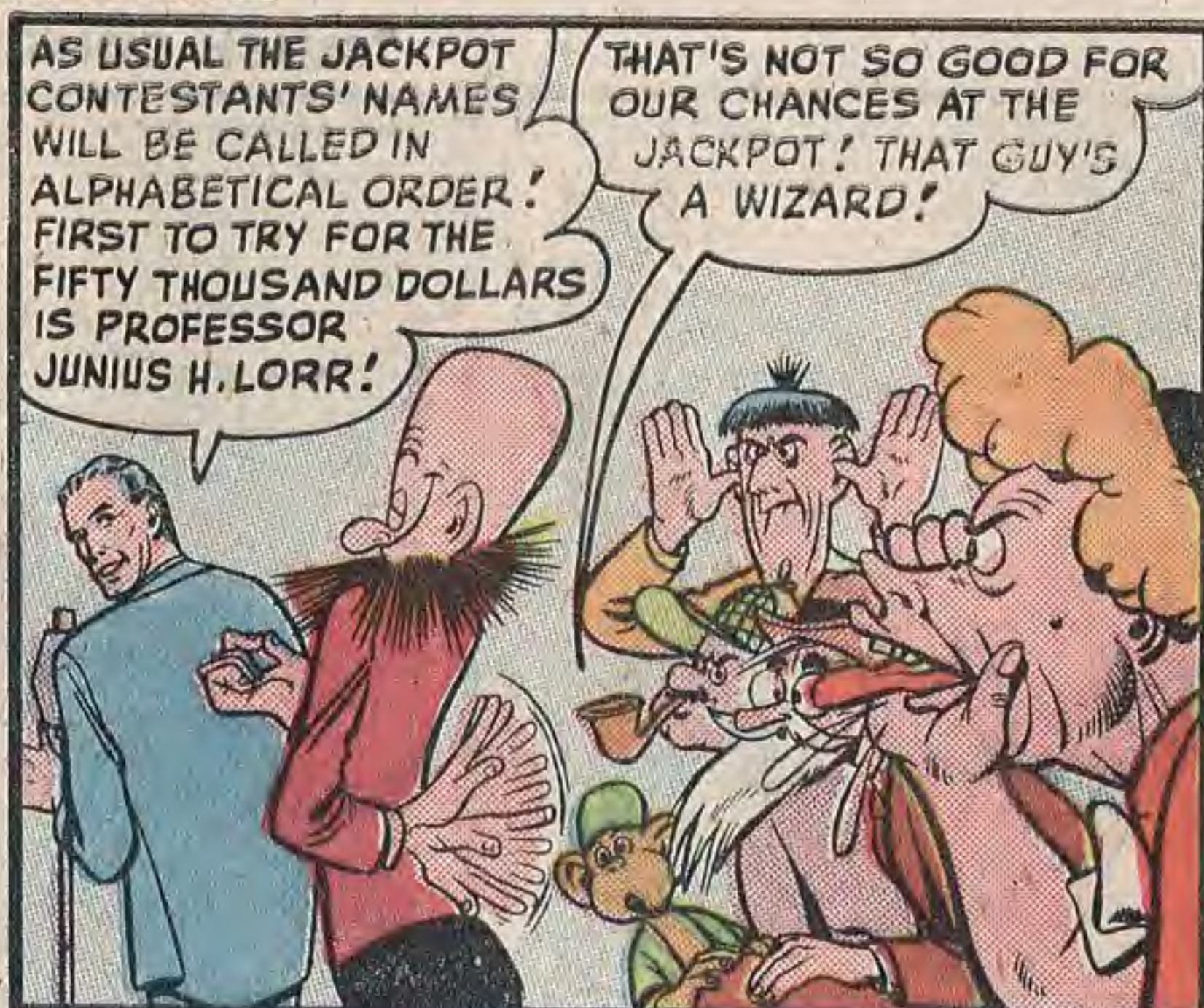
YOU'RE FULL OF GOOD SENSE, PROFESSOR! NO WONDER YOU'RE A GENIUS!

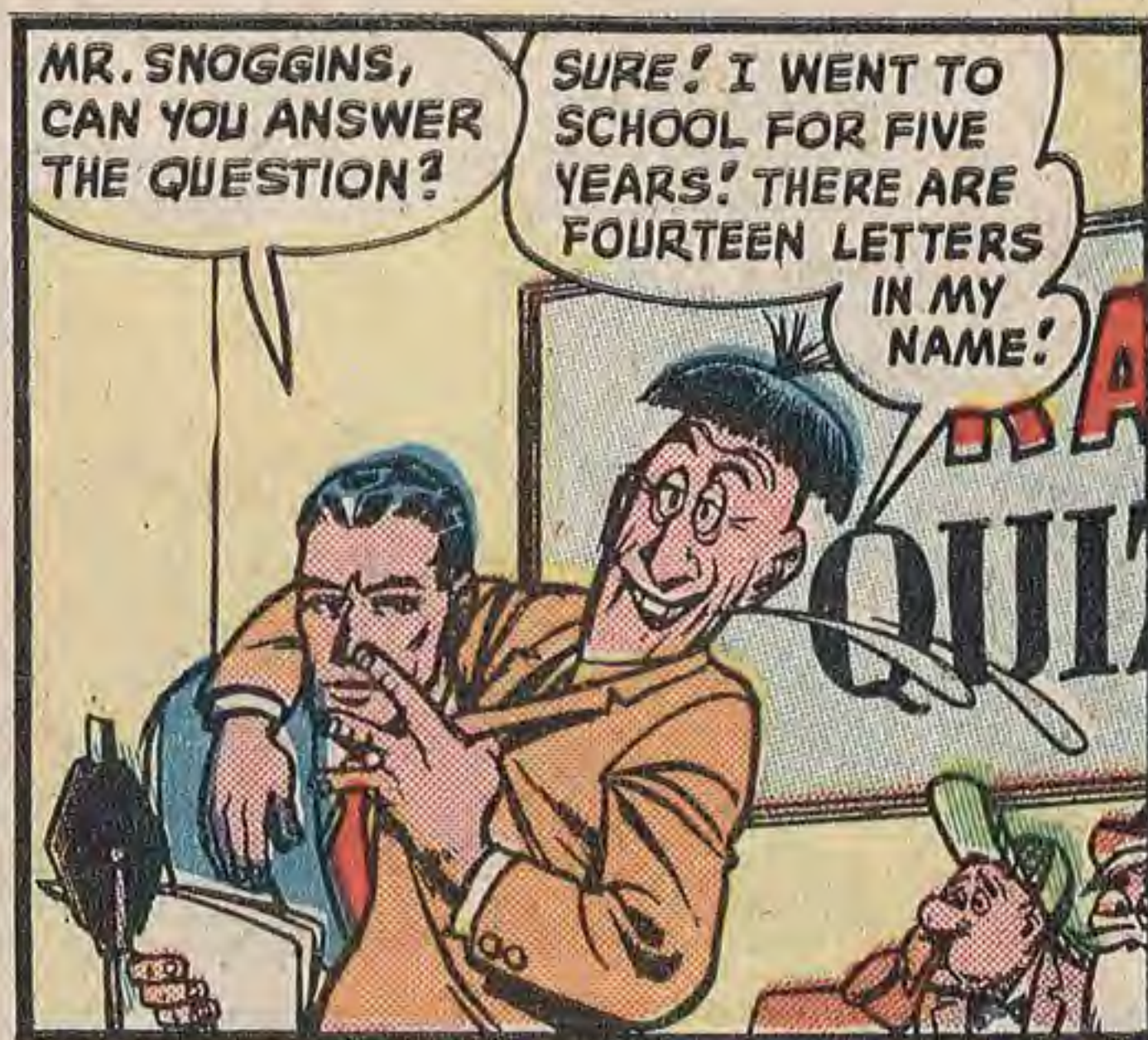
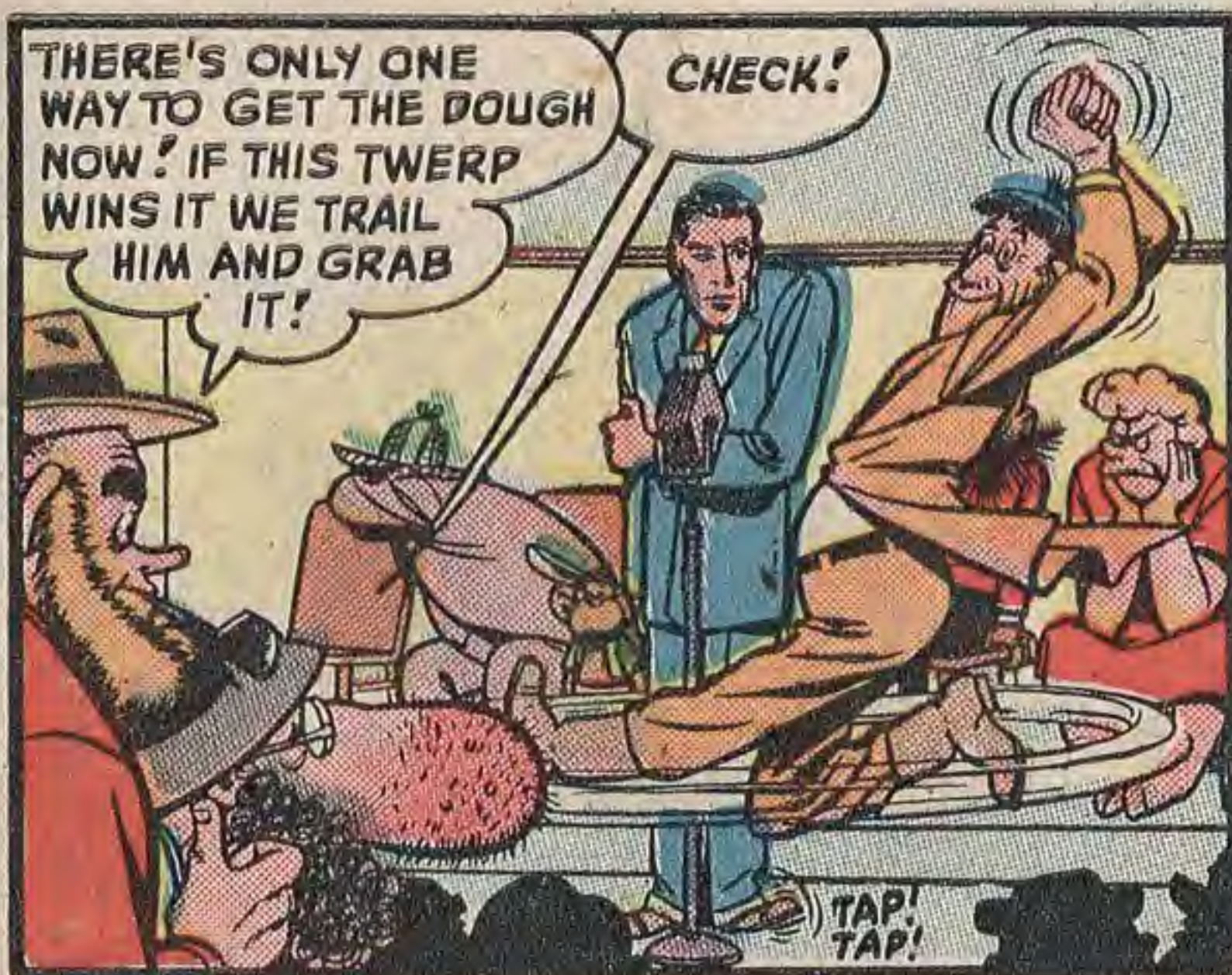
Near the end of the next quiz program...

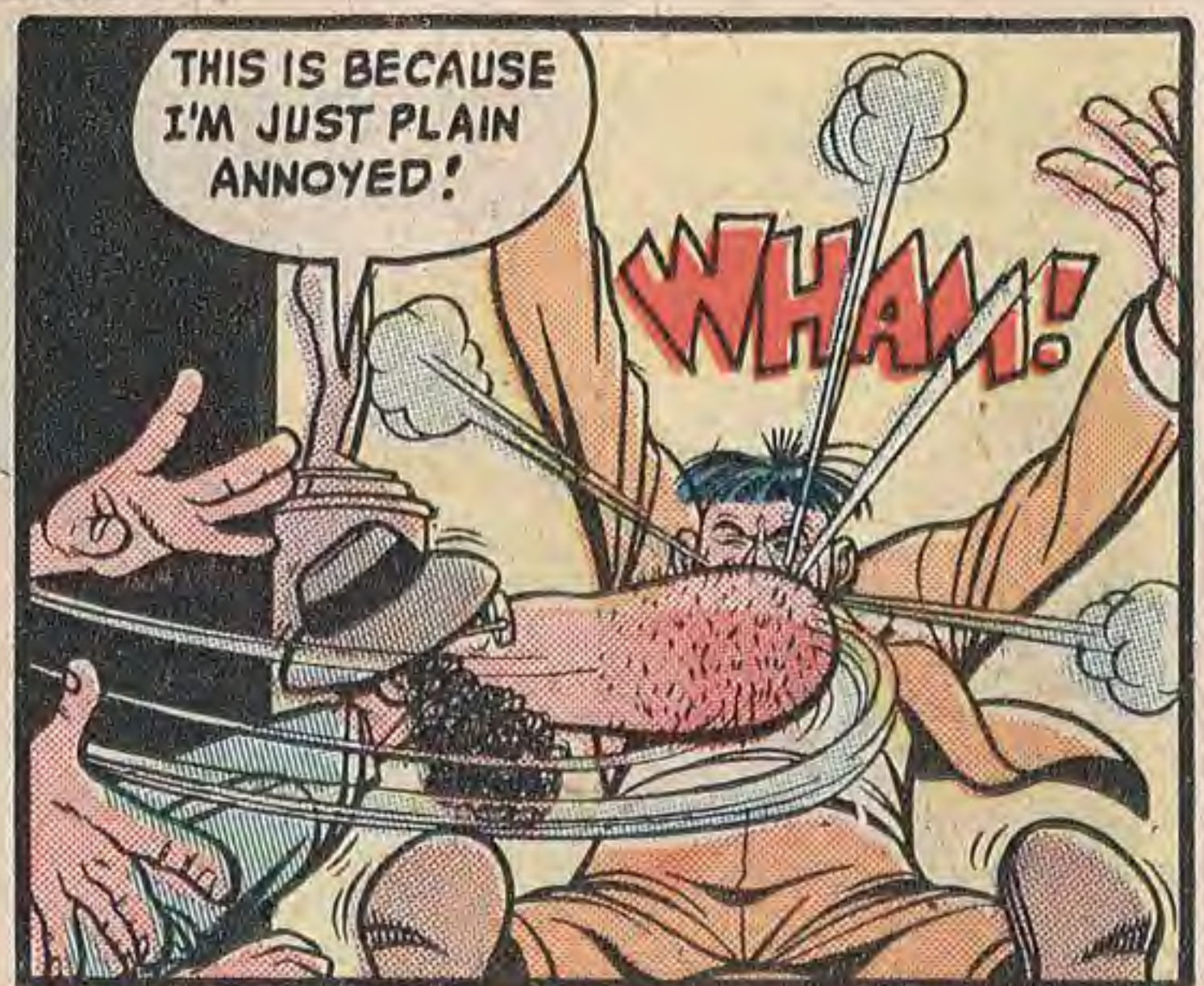
KAVITY QUIZ PROGRAM

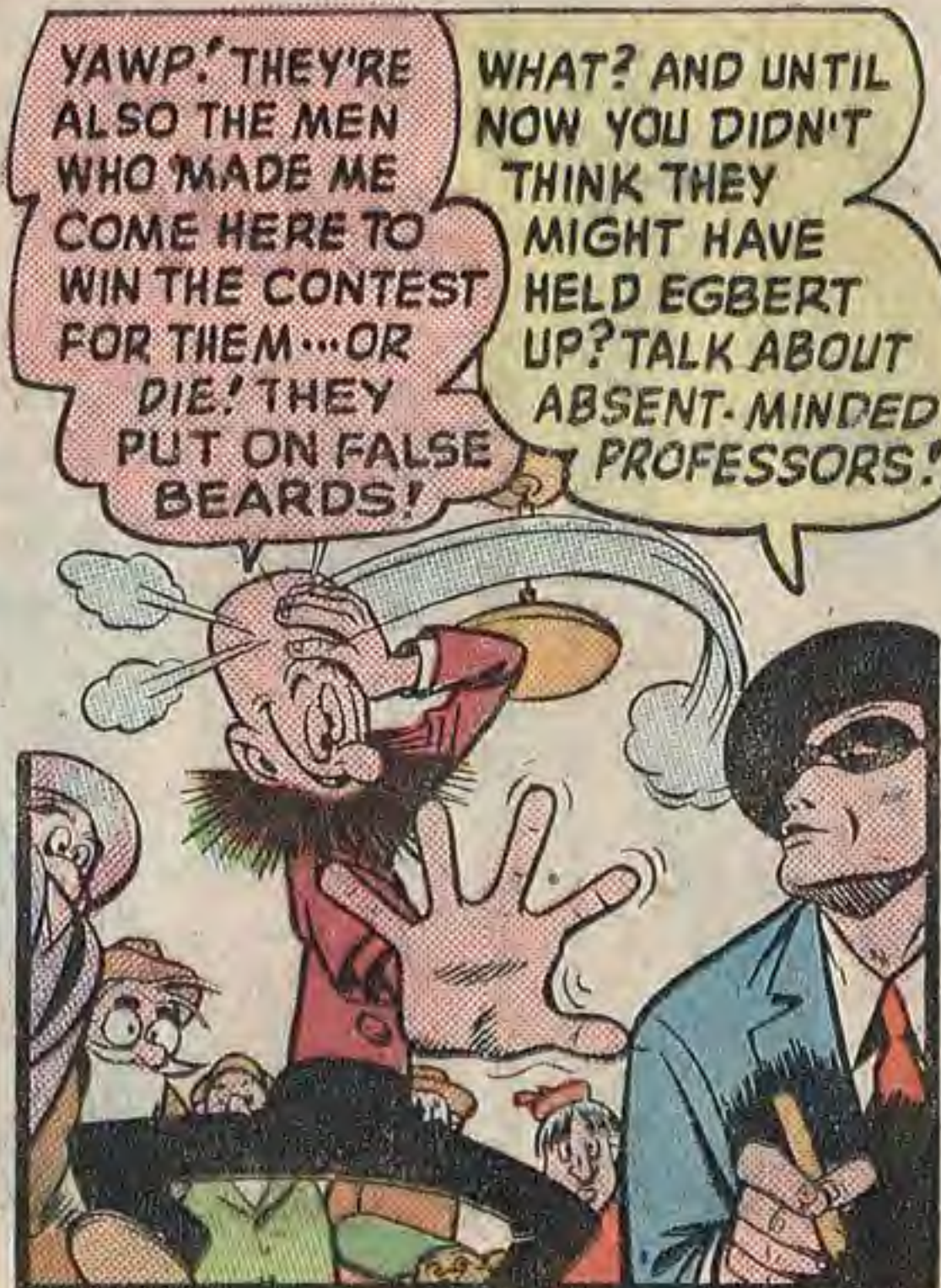
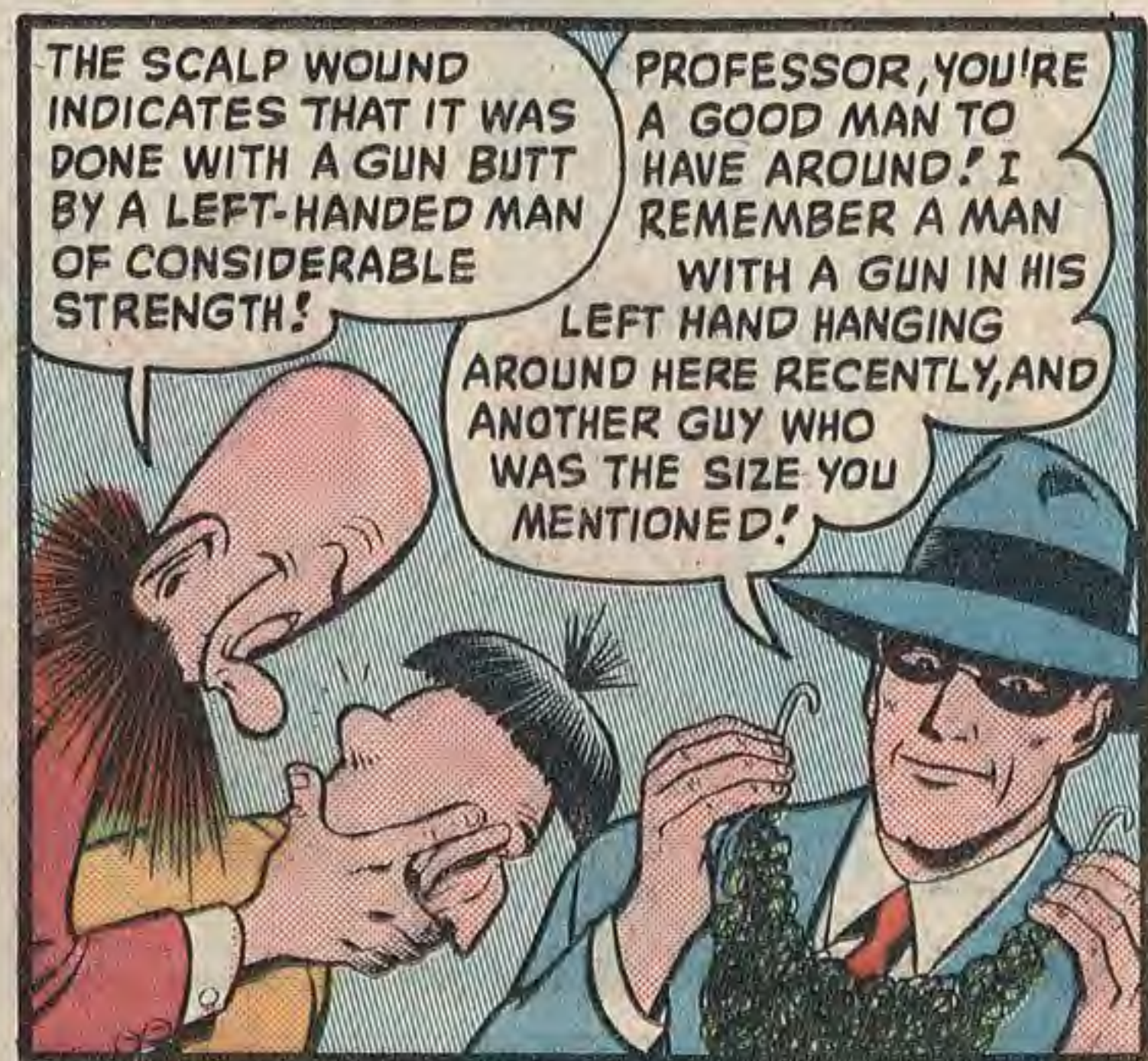
COUNT, THESE BEARDS WERE A TERRIFIC IDEA, CONSIDERING THAT WE MIGHT MEET UP WITH MIDNIGHT AGAIN WHEN WE GRAB THE DOUGH FROM THE PROFESSOR!

ALL I HOPE IS THAT THEY CALL THE PROFESSOR FIRST FOR THE JACKPOT QUESTION!









COUNT BOMP AND DUKE FROB, TWO THUGS I ONCE INTERVIEWED IN THEIR CELLS WHEN I WAS DOING A STUDY OF PENAL METHODS! I EVEN REMEMBER THE HOME ADDRESS THEY GAVE ME!

GIVE IT TO ME, PROFESSOR!



45 MAPLE STREET! IT'S ODD I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THEM RIGHT AWAY!



At 45 Maple Street...

THERE! TWENTY-FIVE G'S FOR YOU AND TWENTY-FIVE FOR ME!

HAW! HAW! AND WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO KNOW HOW MANY LETTERS IN OUR NAMES!



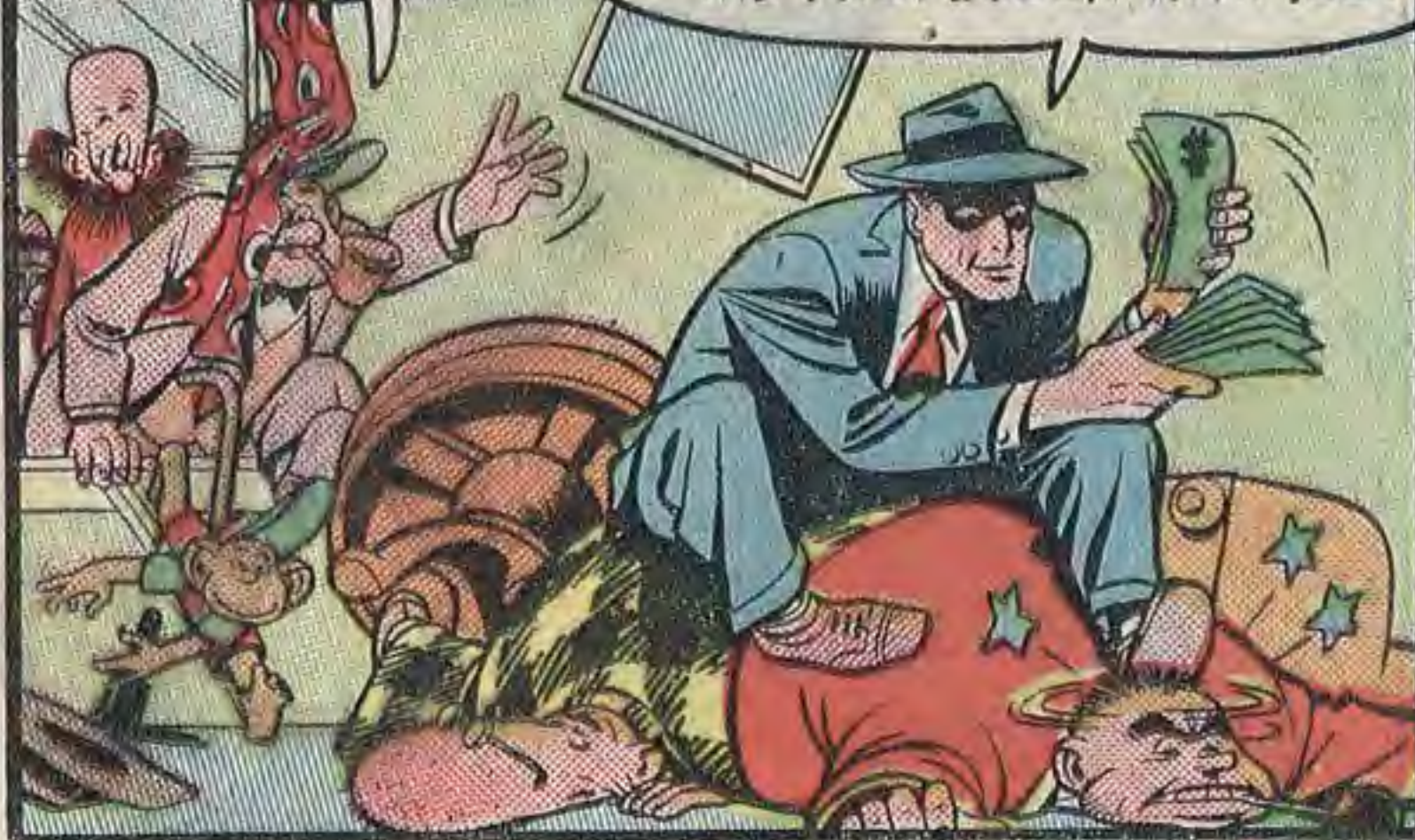
SURE! WHAT DO YOU CARE ABOUT NAMES? YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE NUMBERS AGAIN!

GRAWK!



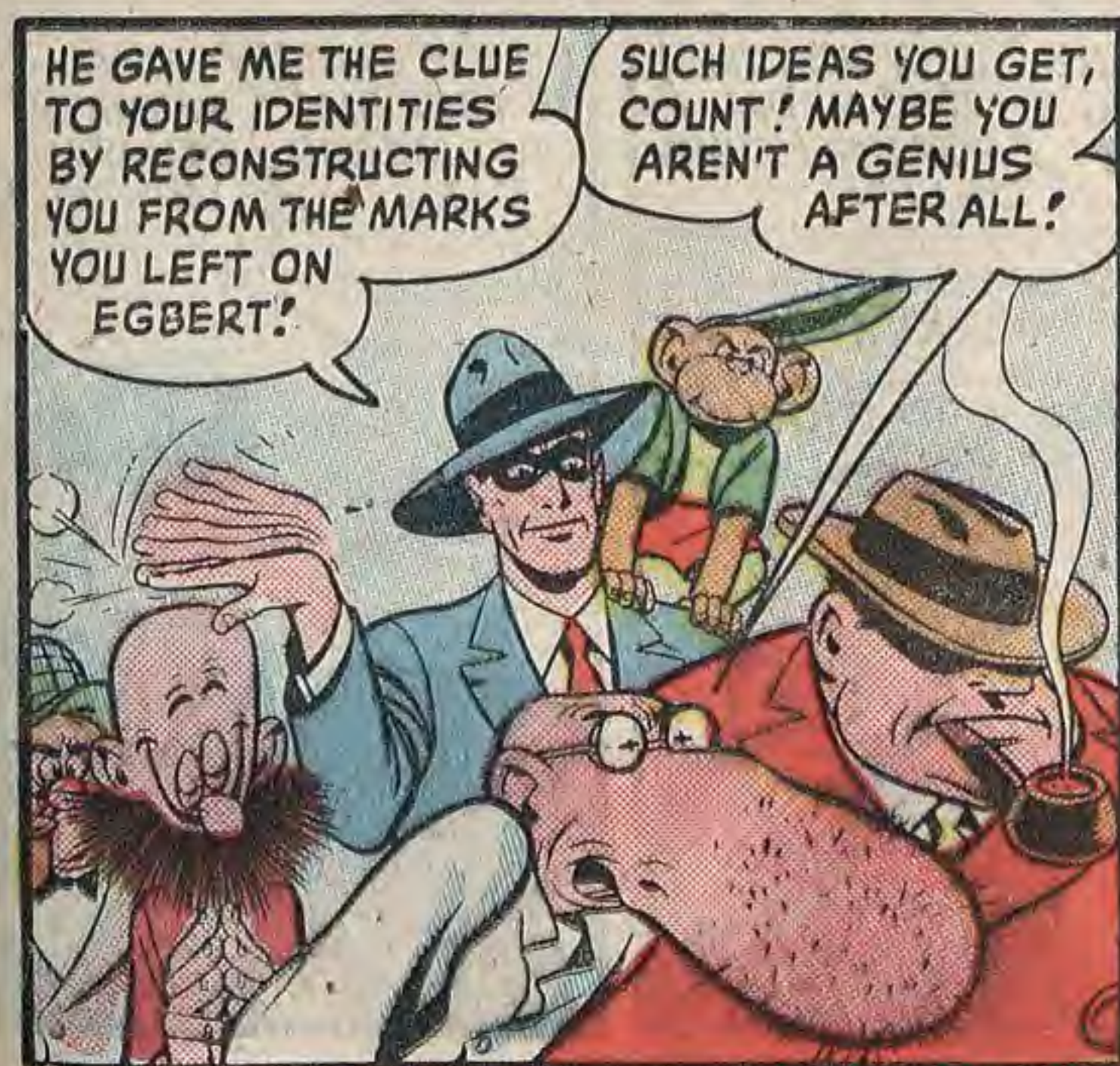
WANT US TO WATCH THEM WHILE YOU GO FOR THE COPS, MIDNIGHT?

NOT AGAIN! INCIDENTALLY, DUKE AND COUNT, DID YOU KNOW IT WAS A MISTAKE TO BRING A MENTAL WIZARD LIKE THE PROFESSOR WITH YOU?



HE GAVE ME THE CLUE TO YOUR IDENTITIES BY RECONSTRUCTING YOU FROM THE MARKS YOU LEFT ON EGBERT!

SUCH IDEAS YOU GET, COUNT! MAYBE YOU AREN'T A GENIUS AFTER ALL!



Weeks later...



THE JESTER

"They laugh who
WIN"... including the
JESTER!

The happy warrior
for law and order
laughs another grim
threat of the under-
world clear out of
action!



As Officer Chuck Lane goes
off duty...

AH, DETECTIVE
MCGINTY, FLOWER
OF THE FORCE!
WHERE ARE YOU
HEADED, SO
SERIOUS. OF
FACE AND SO
FAST OF FOOT?

SPECIAL ORDERS
FROM THE COM-
MISSIONER...
GOT TO GO OUT
AND PICK UP
THE JESTER!



THE JESTER?
WHY...WHAT'S
HE DONE?

JUST WON THE
CIVIC MEDAL
FOR UPHOLDING
THE LAW! THE
TOWN'S BIGWIGS WANT
TO MAKE A PUBLIC
PRESENTATION...BUT
THE JESTER REFUSES
TO SHOW UP!



SO I'VE GOT
TO FIND HIM,
OR IT MEANS
A MARK
AGAINST
MY RECORD!

POOR
MCGINTY!
I CAN'T
LET HIM
CATCH A
SCOLDING!



Hurrying ahead of McGinty, Chuck Lane doffs his police uniform and becomes...

THE JESTER WILL BE CLUMSY ENOUGH TO LET MCGINTY GRAB HIM!



AS I LIVE AND BREATHE... IT'S THE JESTER! GUESS WHAT, MY FRIEND!

YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU SOLVE SOME NEW MYSTERIOUS CRIME, MCGINTY! AM I RIGHT?



NO, COMEDIAN! YOU'RE WANTED AT HEAD-QUARTERS! SO COME ALONG!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE IRONWORK GOING ON ME? I'M NOT GUILTY OF ANY-THING!



STOP SQUAWKING! I HANDCUFFED YOU TO KEEP YOU FROM SLIPPING AWAY BEFORE I GET YOU TO THE COMMISSIONER!

HEY, BOYS...LOOK! TELL ME WHETHER I'M DREAMING OR NOT!



YEP, I SEE, GRUDGE! THE JESTER...HE'S BEEN PINCHED! GOING TO JAIL!

DO YOU AND POTTSY GET THE ANGLE, KIFT? IF HE'S OUT OF THE WAY, WE'VE GOT A NICE SCOOP OF GRAVY COMING TO US!



AND WE'LL START WITH CERTAIN OLD FRIENDS OF THE JESTER... PEOPLE WE DIDN'T DARE TOUCH!

DIDN'T DARE TOUCH UNTIL NOW...THAT IS!



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MEN...BUT THE JESTER WON'T LIKE THIS!

WELL, WE KNOW YOU, MR. HARKHAM! AND THE JESTER'S BEEN PUT WHERE HIS LIKES AND DIS-LIKES DON'T COUNT ANY MORE!



Meanwhile, in the Commissioner's office...

I'LL GO FETCH THE MAYOR, MCGINTY! SEE THAT OUR MEDAL-SHY FRIEND WAITS HERE FOR US...AND YOU MIGHT ANSWER MY PHONE!

YESSIR! FIRST, THOUGH, I'LL SHACKLE THE JESTER TO THIS RADIATOR!



HUH? YOU SAY KIRKE HARKHAM'S BEEN HELD UP... BICKLER'S STORE ROBBED AND WRECKED?

HARKHAM... BICKLER... BOTH FRIENDS OF MINE WHO HELPED ME IN THE PAST!



JESTER! THAT MESSAGE... HEY! WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?



JESTER! COME BACK...THEY'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU A MEDAL!

I'VE GOT A LITTLE MEDDLING OF MY OWN TO DO FIRST, MCGINTY!



THAT MAKES TWO OF THE JESTER'S PALS WE'VE DONE IN! WHO'S NEXT?

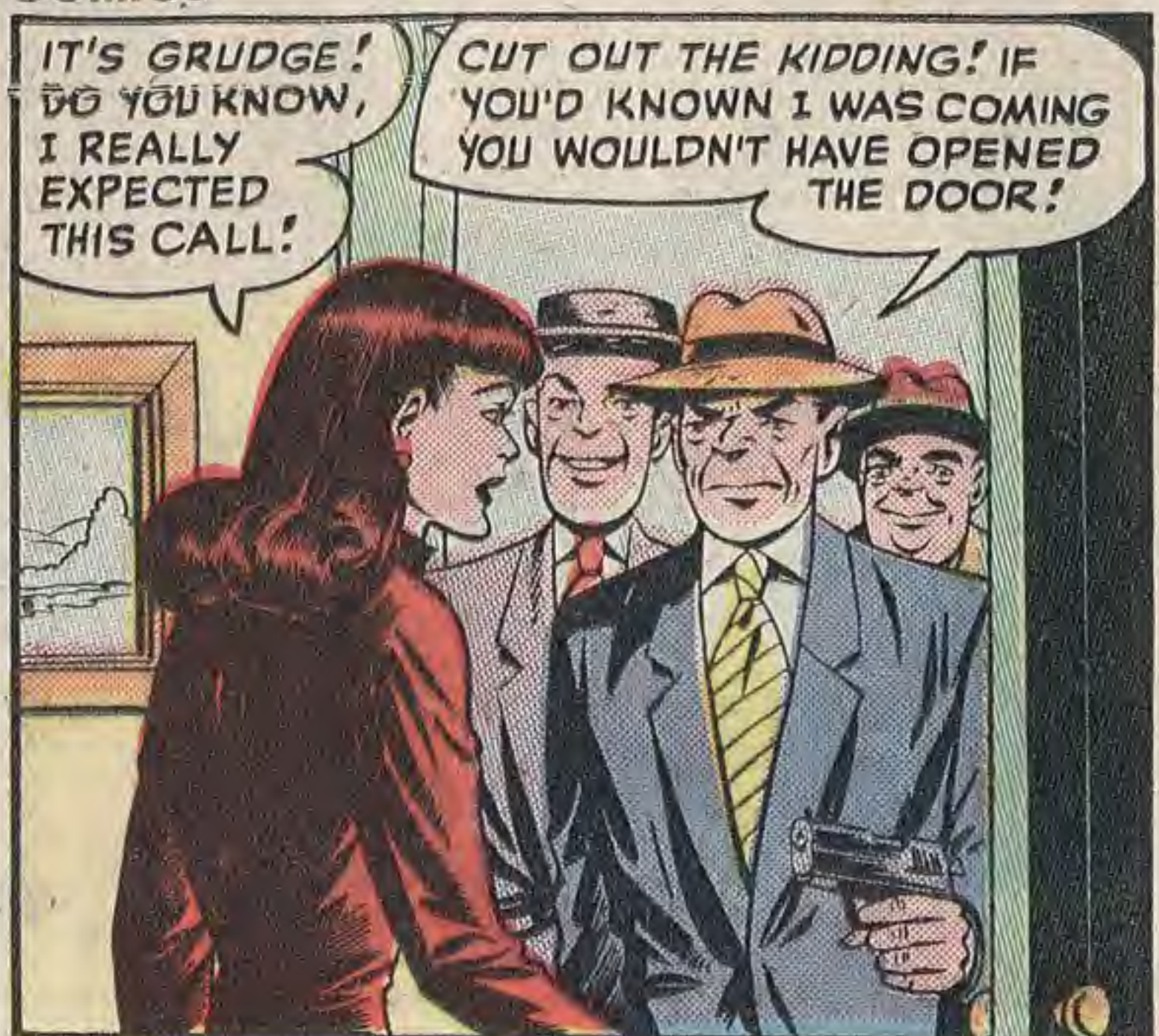
THE DAME WHO HELPED HIM SEND ME UP... DELIA DARNLEY!



BUT DELIA DARNEY HASN'T ANY MONEY OR JEWELS WE'D WANT!

NO...BUT SHE HELPED THROW ME IN THE SNEEZER! THEY DON'T CALL ME GRUDGE FOR NOTHING, POTTSY!







MISSED, DOGGONE IT!

DON'T FEEL BLUE BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T WIN A KEWPIE DOLL, GRUDGE...



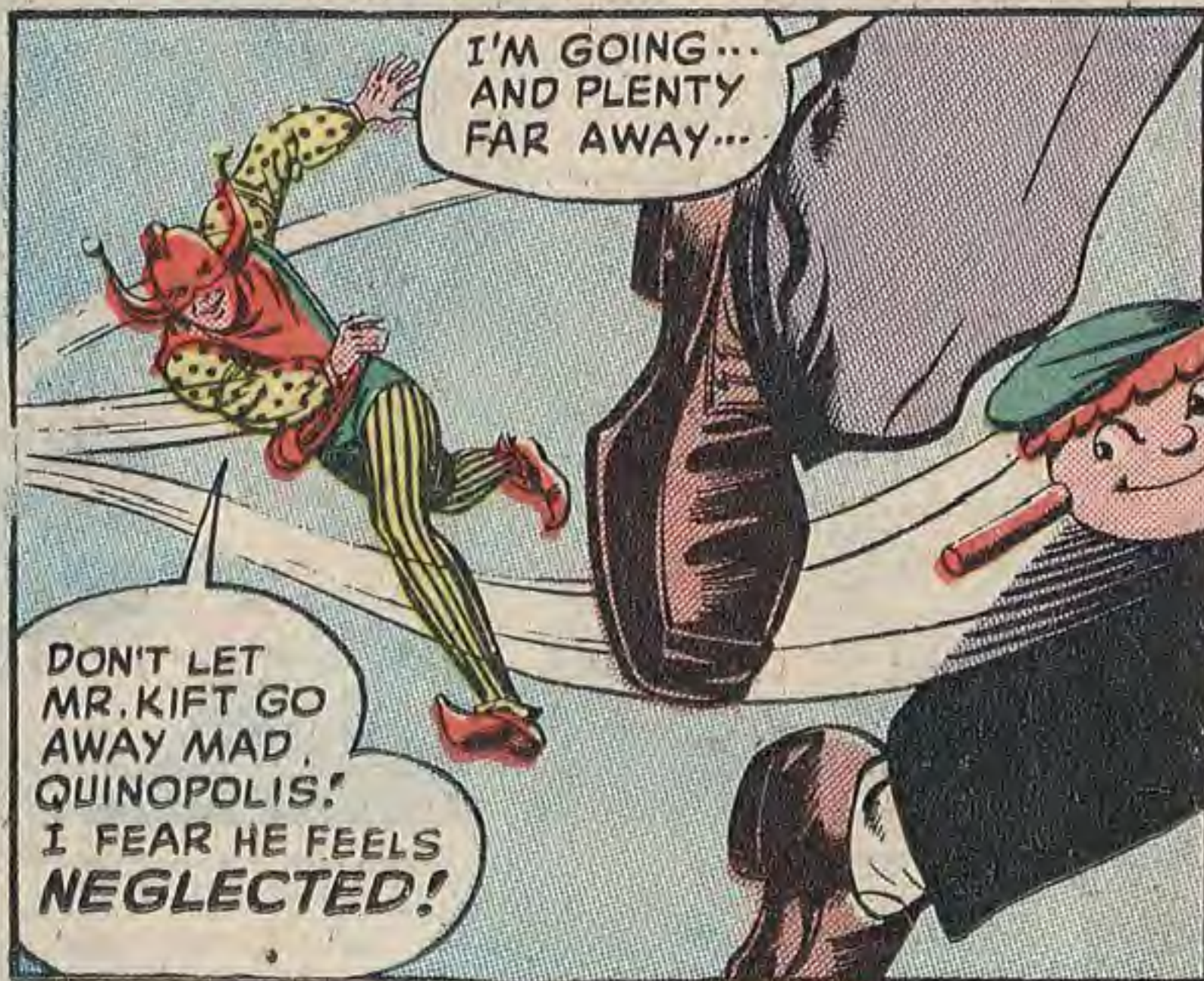
YOU CAN TRY CUTTING A RUG FOR A CONSOLATION PRIZE!

I'LL GET HIM WHILE HE ISN'T LOOKING!



LOOK, DELIA! SNUG AS A BUG OF THIS LOW SPECIES CAN GET!

YOWP!



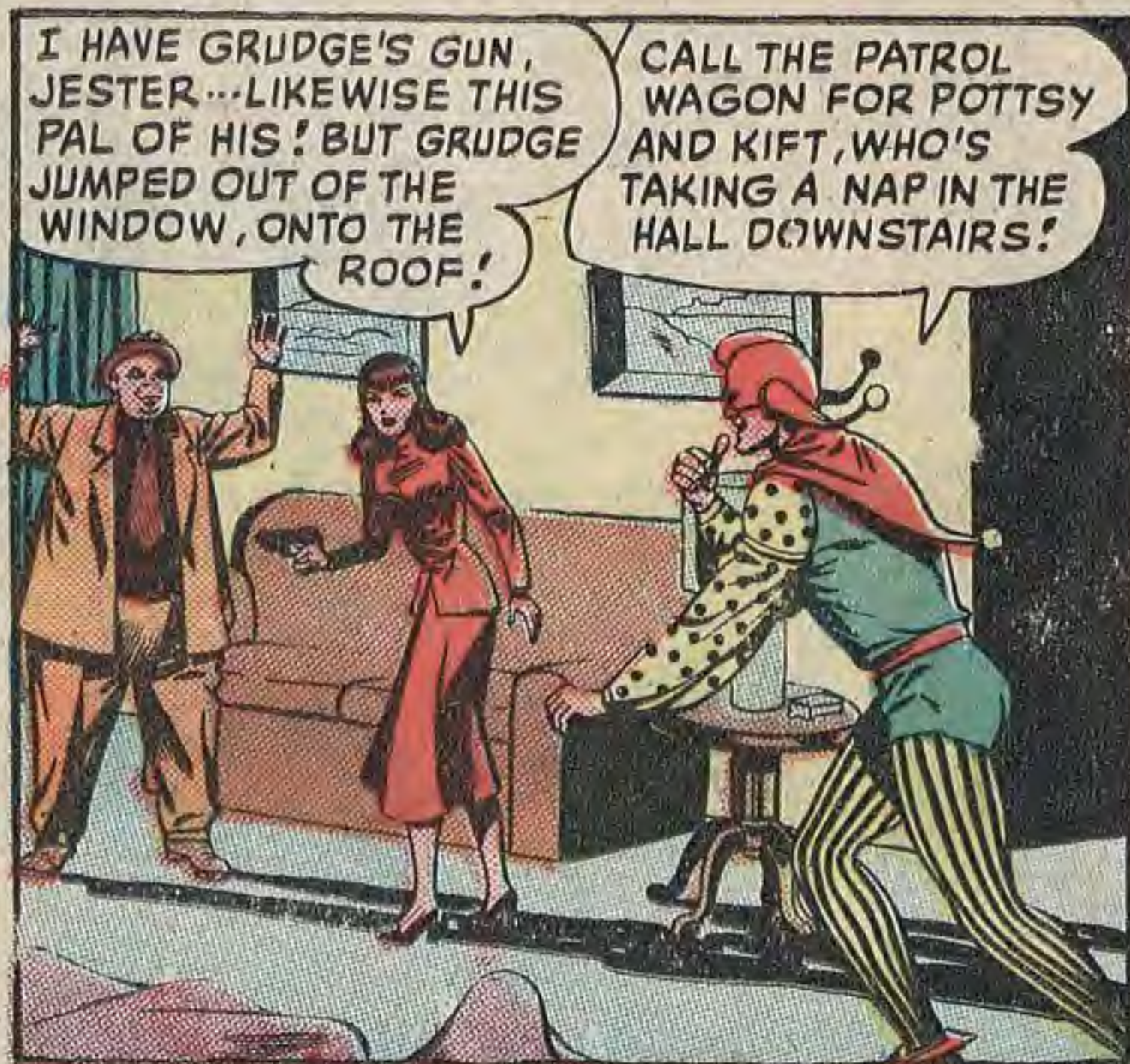
I'M GOING... AND PLENTY FAR AWAY...

DON'T LET MR. KIFT GO AWAY MAD, QUINOPOLIS! I FEAR HE FEELS NEGLECTED!



HEY, KIFT! COME BACK! I THINK YOU MISSED A STEP!

BANG!



I HAVE GRUDGE'S GUN, JESTER... LIKEWISE THIS PAL OF HIS! BUT GRUDGE JUMPED OUT OF THE WINDOW, ONTO THE ROOF!

CALL THE PATROL WAGON FOR POTTSY AND KIFT, WHO'S TAKING A NAP IN THE HALL DOWNSTAIRS!



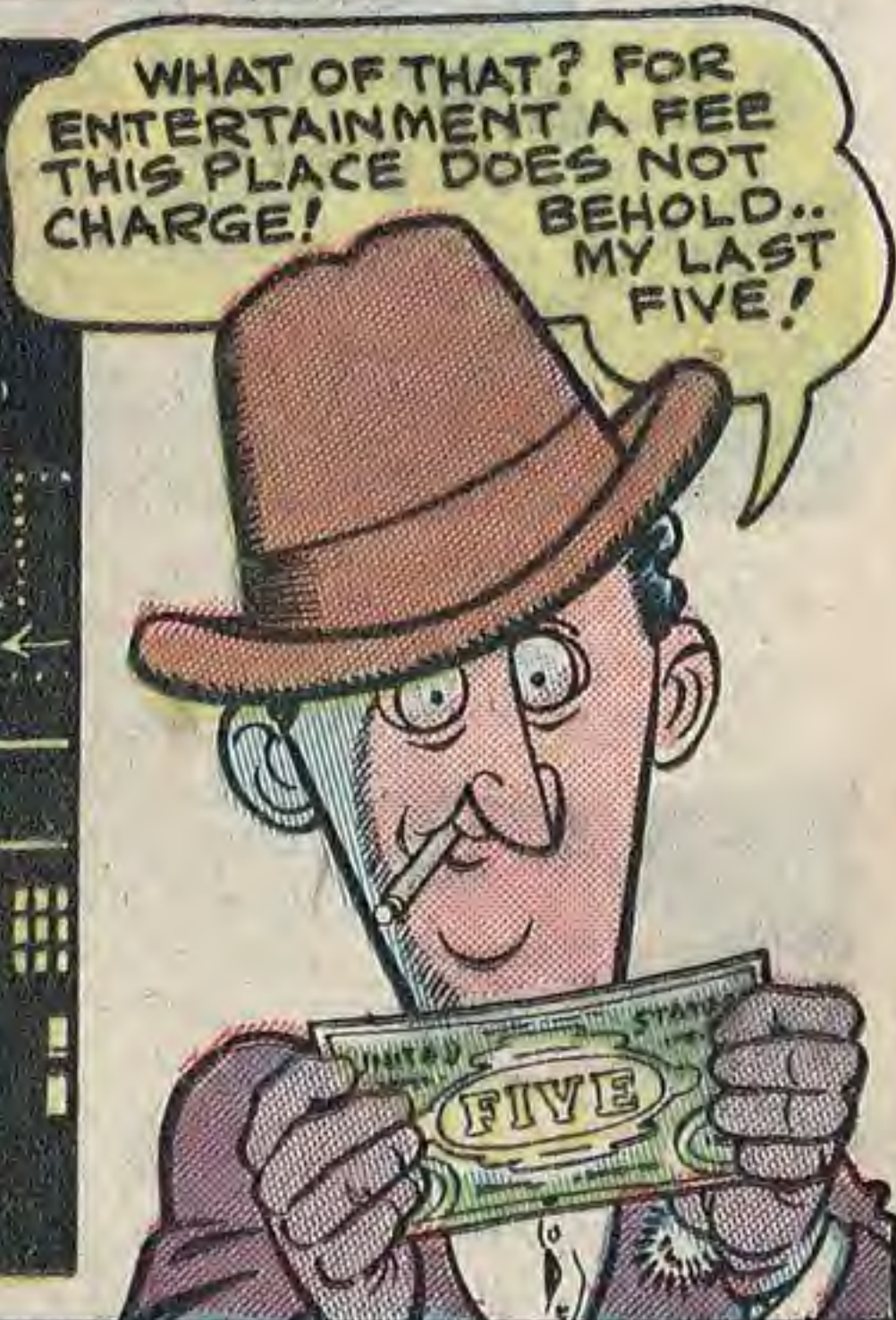
DON'T GO, GRUDGE! THE PARTY'S JUST GETTING LIVELY!

LET ME ALONE!



LADY LUCK

By Klaus Nordling



PST-- THAT'S COUNT D, CHANGE WITH BRENDA BANKS! HE'S GOOD FOR -A SUCKER PLAY, SNAKE-EYES....



STEER HIM A WINNING STREAK UNTIL ALL THE SUCKERS BACK HIM---

THEN WHEN THEY UNLOAD, I'LL MAKE A WHOLE-SALE SLAUGHTER! OKAY, NATURAL....



A FIVE DOLLAR CHIP, PLEASE!



I DON'T LIKE THIS-- THERE'S AN UNCLEAR FLAVOR TO THE PLACE...



HMM... THERE MUST BE ALL OF \$50,000 ON THE TABLE!...



OH, LITTLE SPOTTED DARLINGS... WITH ME COMMUNE!

OH-OH! THE STICKMAN SWITCHED DICE... TEN TO ONE THEY'RE LOADED!



A LITTLE SLEUTHING MIGHT BE IN ORDER...



IF I CAN GET MY HANDS ON THE LOADED CUBES, I COULD EXPOSE THEM! ... ALTHOUGH HOW I'M TO MANAGE IN THAT CROWD--?







TOO FAT RAJAH

DOC Wackey bounced angrily to the front door at the insistent summons of the doorbell. His white hair sprouted crazily upward and his beard bristled with indignation. "It's a wonder I get any work done with all these interruptions," he muttered. "I might as well live in a goldfish bowl."

He jerked the front door open, thrust his head into the darkness and snapped, "Well, what is it?"

A soft voice with a trace of accent said, "You are Doctor Wackey, the famous inventor? I am the Maharajah of Laphtjab."

"Er, come in, your maharajah-ship," the Doc said, somewhat abashed. "I was just completing an important experiment." Wackey swung the door wide and in waddled the fattest man he had ever seen. His swarthy face was shaped like a harvest moon and cascaded down below his mouth into numerous rolls of flesh. He was not much taller than Doc but a good four times broader. He was clothed in a bulging saffron silk tunic and breeches and wore a white turban set with an enormous ruby. His legs were massive and he moved with the ponderous stride of an Indian elephant.

"Sorry to trouble you, Doctor," he wheezed as he moved to the center of the room. "Your friend Midnight interviewed me at the wireless station and, when he heard of my trouble told me of your latest work. It's my weight that's bothering me."

"It is rather startling," Doc Wackey said, "but I'm sure I can help you. I have just completed two formulas: one which will reduce overweight people to normal size and the second which will build underweight persons to normal weight."

"Ah," the Maharajah said, beaming broadly. "then Midnight was correct. I will be your servant for life if you can aid me. If I get back to normal, I will see you receive the highest recognition. I must regain prestige among my subjects."

"I can understand that," Doc Wackey said sympathetically. "Wait here and I'll bring you the pills— an extra strong dose. I'd ask you

to sit down but the furniture is rather flimsy."

Doc Wackey slipped from the room and in a few minutes returned with a bottle containing blue capsules. "Here you are, Maharajah," he said. "Take three of these every hour and I can promise you excellent results. They work very rapidly, so you should be back to normal by tomorrow."

"The pills speed up the metabolism and burn up the excess . . ." he started to explain.

"I am no man of science like you," the huge man said, waving a fleshy hand sparkling with gems, "so I would not understand your explanations. All I am interested in is results."

"I can guarantee those," the Doc said as he ushered the Maharajah to the door. "I have tested the formula quite thoroughly."

He watched the porch floorboards bend under the weight of his departing guest and then sighed with relief when the man was safely in the luxurious limousine parked at the curb. "Now," he thought happily, "I will get the scientific recognition I deserve."

It was about the same time the following evening when the steady ringing of the doorbell again brought Doc Wackey from his laboratory. "More interruptions," he growled. "A body doesn't get a minute's peace."

As soon as he opened the door, a small thin figure pushed by him and into the room. The visitor wore clothes sizes too big for him, which, hanging down to the floor, made him look like a loose bundle of yellow silk rags. His thin, withered face was twisted in rage and his deep-set black eyes smoldered dangerously.

"Why, Maharajah," Doc Wackey said cheerily, "you look great. Didn't I tell you my reducing pills would bring results?"

"You fool," the thin little Maharajah snarled, "you have cost me a million dollars. I was about to return to my native Laphtjab, where every year I receive my weight in precious jewels from my poverty-ridden subjects."

"I wanted to *gain* weight, not lose it, you numbskull."

BLACK X



WHAT'S UP, BEEF OLD MAN, TO WARRANT DRAGGING ME OUT OF A FIRST NIGHT PERFORMANCE?

A MISSING PERSON INVESTIGATION YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN...



...GIRL NAMED CAROL STYLES PHONED FROM THE CAREY HOTEL! SHE CLAIMS HER FATHER FAILED TO RETURN FROM HIS EVENING STROLL!

ANY RELATION TO PARKER STYLES, CHIEF ENGRAVER AT THE MINT?



HE'S THE ONE, ALL RIGHT! I MET HIM AND HIS DAUGHTER AT A RECEPTION THE MAYOR HELD LAST WEEK!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? DRIVE ON, BEEF!



Several minutes later at the Carey Hotel...

THE DESK CLERK SAID 802... THIS IS IT!



NO ONE IN THESE ROOMS, SAHIB!

THIS BEATS ME! SHE SAID SHE'D WAIT! IT WASN'T FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO!

IT'S A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE TO CHANGE HER MIND, BEEF! HOWEVER...



... SHE MUST HAVE LEFT IN A RUSH! SHE DIDN'T SNUFF OUT HER CIGARETTE!



ONLY ONE MATCH GONE AND THE NAME "PELICAN CLUB" IS UNDERScoreD BY A THUMBNAI!

GREAT DEDUCTION, BLACK X, BUT ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHERE MISS STYLES AND HER FATHER DISAPPEARED TO!



I SUGGEST WE VISIT THE PELICAN CLUB! BATU, YOU WAIT HERE IN CASE SHE RETURNS... OR HER FATHER SHOWS UP!

AS YOU WISH, SAHIB!



HUMPH! IF YOU ASK ME, I'LL BET PARKER STYLES PROBABLY RETURNED AND THEY WENT OUT TOGETHER!

I DON'T THINK SO, BEEF! I'M BEGINNING TO RECALL A FEW THINGS ABOUT HIGHCARD HANNIGAN! THAT PELICAN CLUB OF HIS IS A PRETTY ROUGH DIVE... WE MAY RUN INTO TROUBLE!



Soon, at the Pelican Club on River Road ...

I IMAGINE YOU'D LIKE TO GET SOMETHING ON HIGHCARD HANNIGAN YOURSELF, BEEF!

HMM...I NEVER TURN DOWN ANYTHING THAT COMES MY WAY!



SAY, BUDDY, HAS A MISS STYLES BEEN HERE THIS EVENING... PRETTY...RED HAIR...

I SEE PLENTY OF RED-HEADED DAMES HERE, BUT I AIN'T OPENING MY YAP ABOUT IT!



WISE GUY, EH? DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? WHY, FOR TWO CENTS, I'D...

NO ROUGH STUFF, INSPECTOR! THIS IS A RESPECTABLE JOINT!



HIGHCARD WANTS TO SEE YOU...IN HIS OFFICE!

IT SEEMS WE HAVE A WELCOMING COMMITTEE, BEEF! LET'S NOT DISAPPOINT OUR HOST!



HERE THEY ARE, HIGHCARD! THEY WAS TRYING TO PUMP THE BARKEEP!

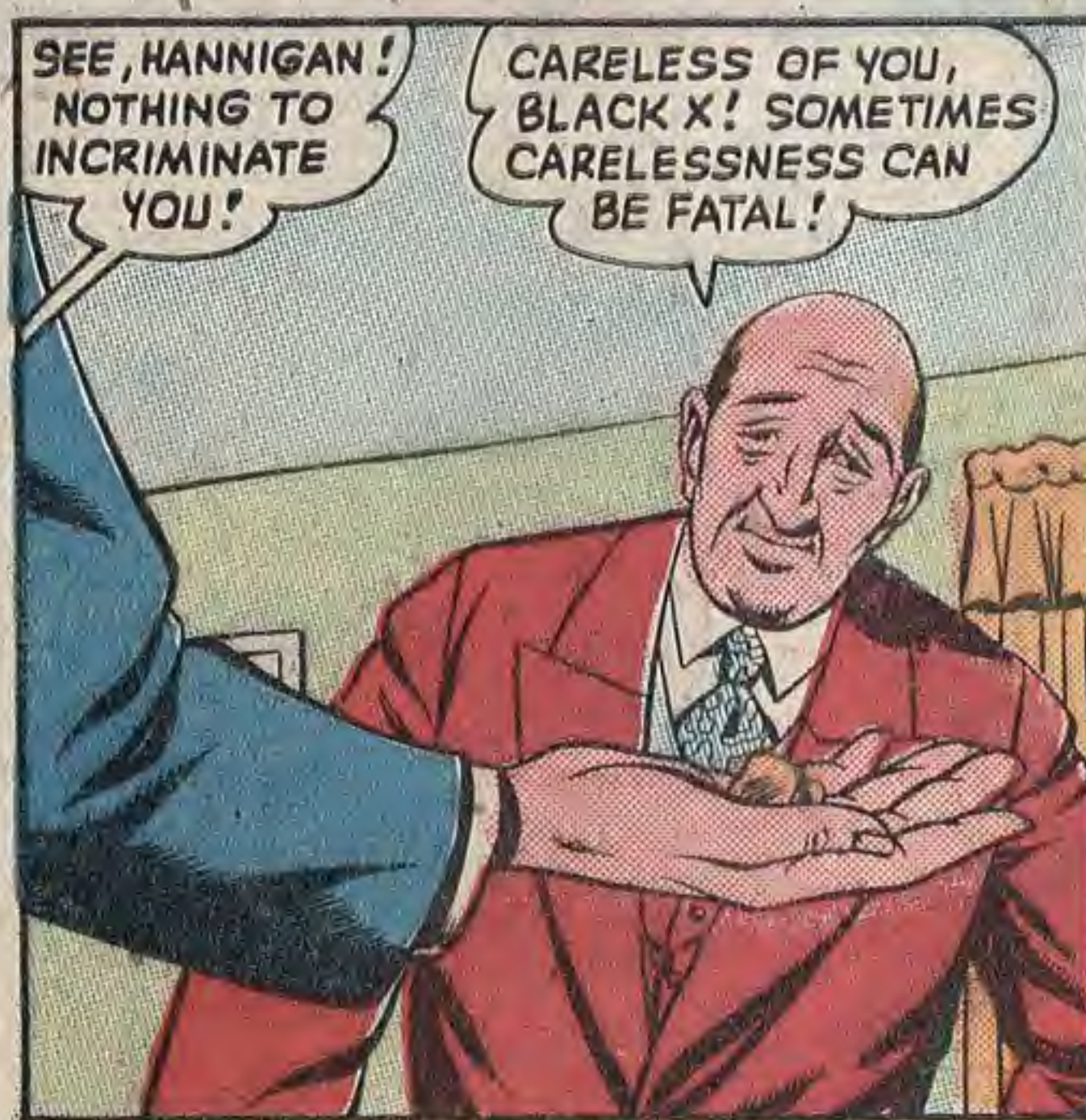
INSPECTOR BURTON AND BLACK X! I'M HONORED THAT YOU SHOULD TAKE AN INTEREST IN MY ESTABLISHMENT!

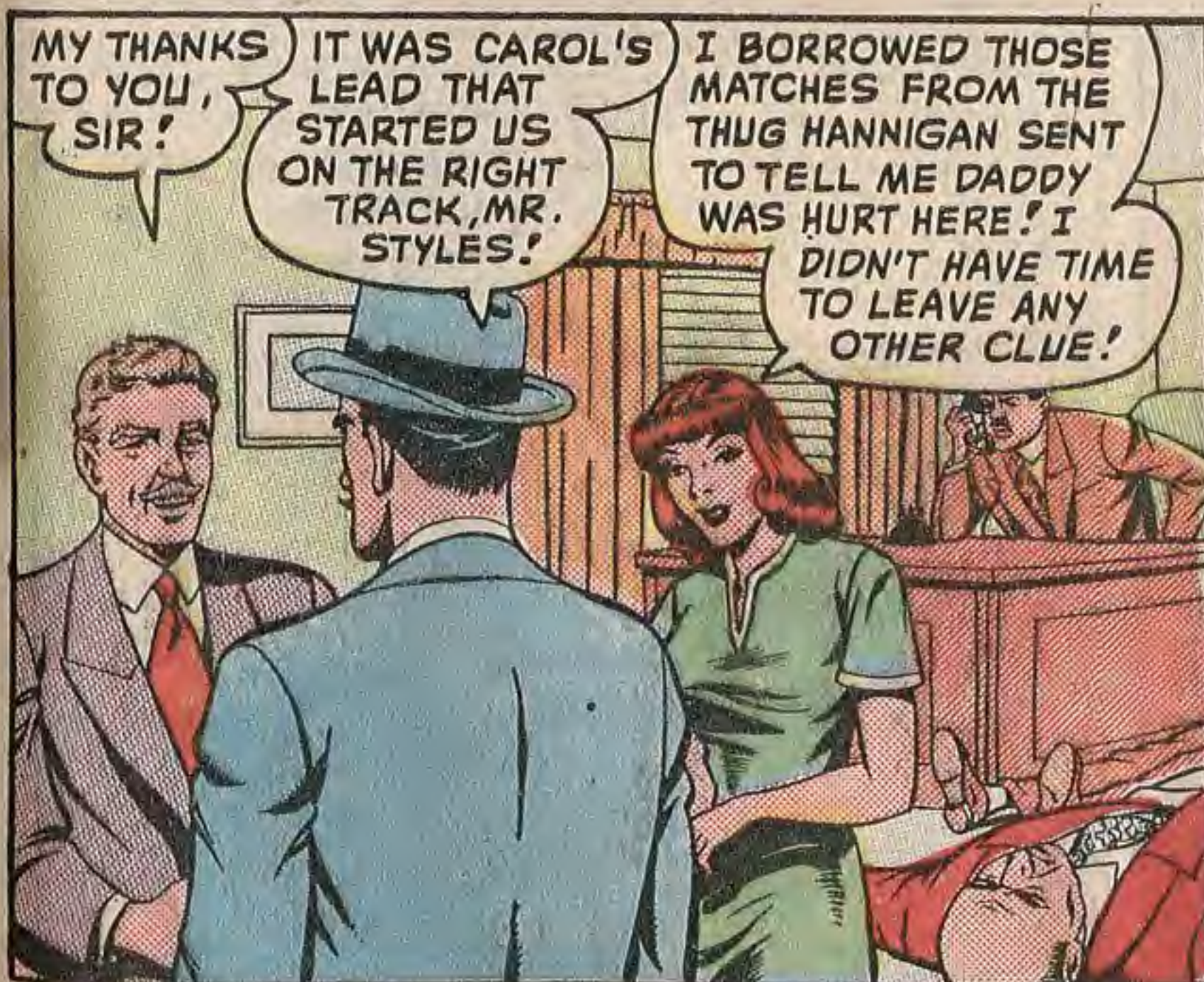


IF YOU MUST HAVE INFORMATION, I PREFER YOU GET IT FROM ME! HELP IS SO UNRELIABLE THESE DAYS!

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE PARKER STYLES AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE, WOULD YOU, HIGHCARD?







DAFFY



GOLLY, DEKE! WHAT
HUGE TREES IN THESE
NORTH WOODS!

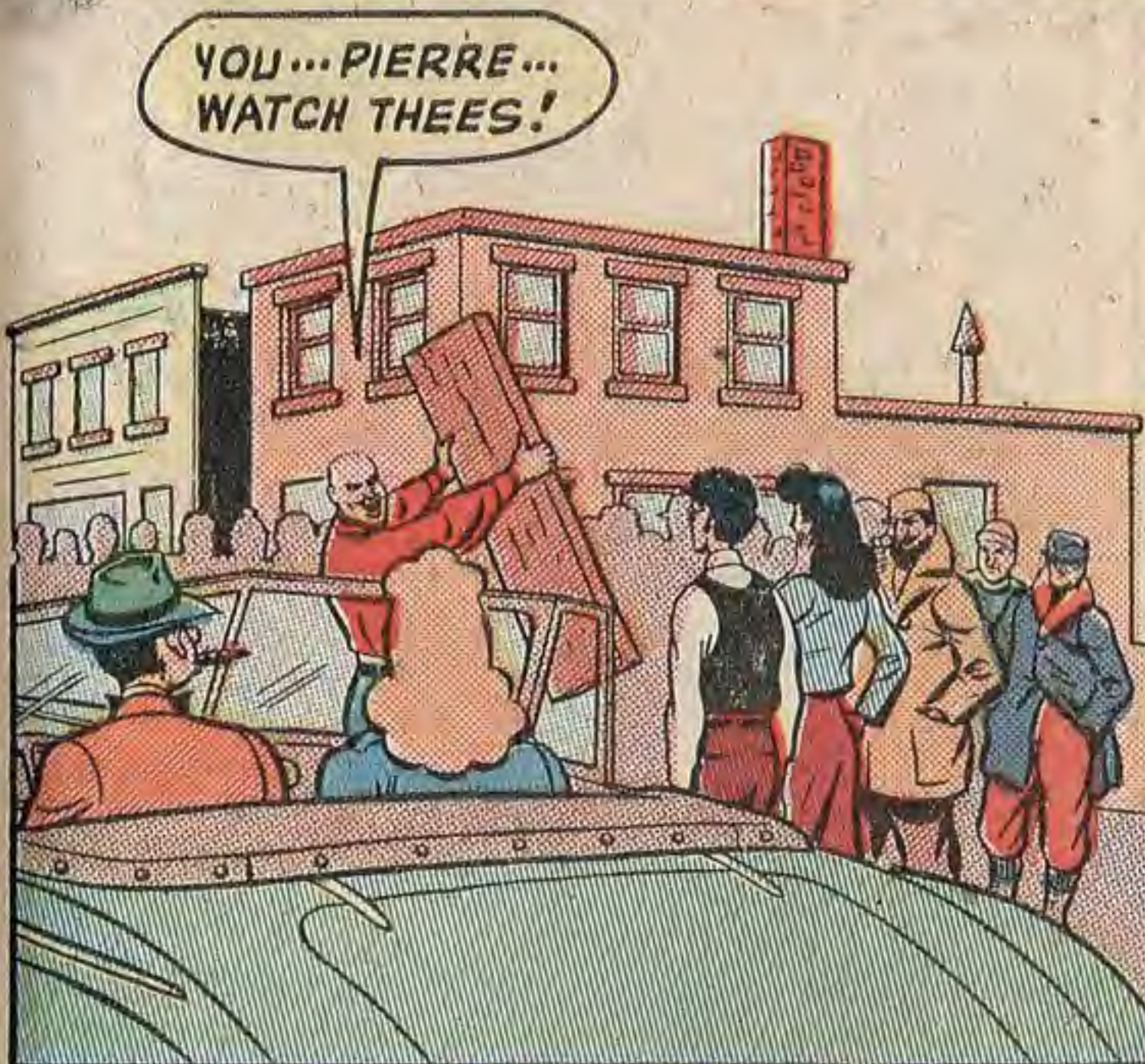
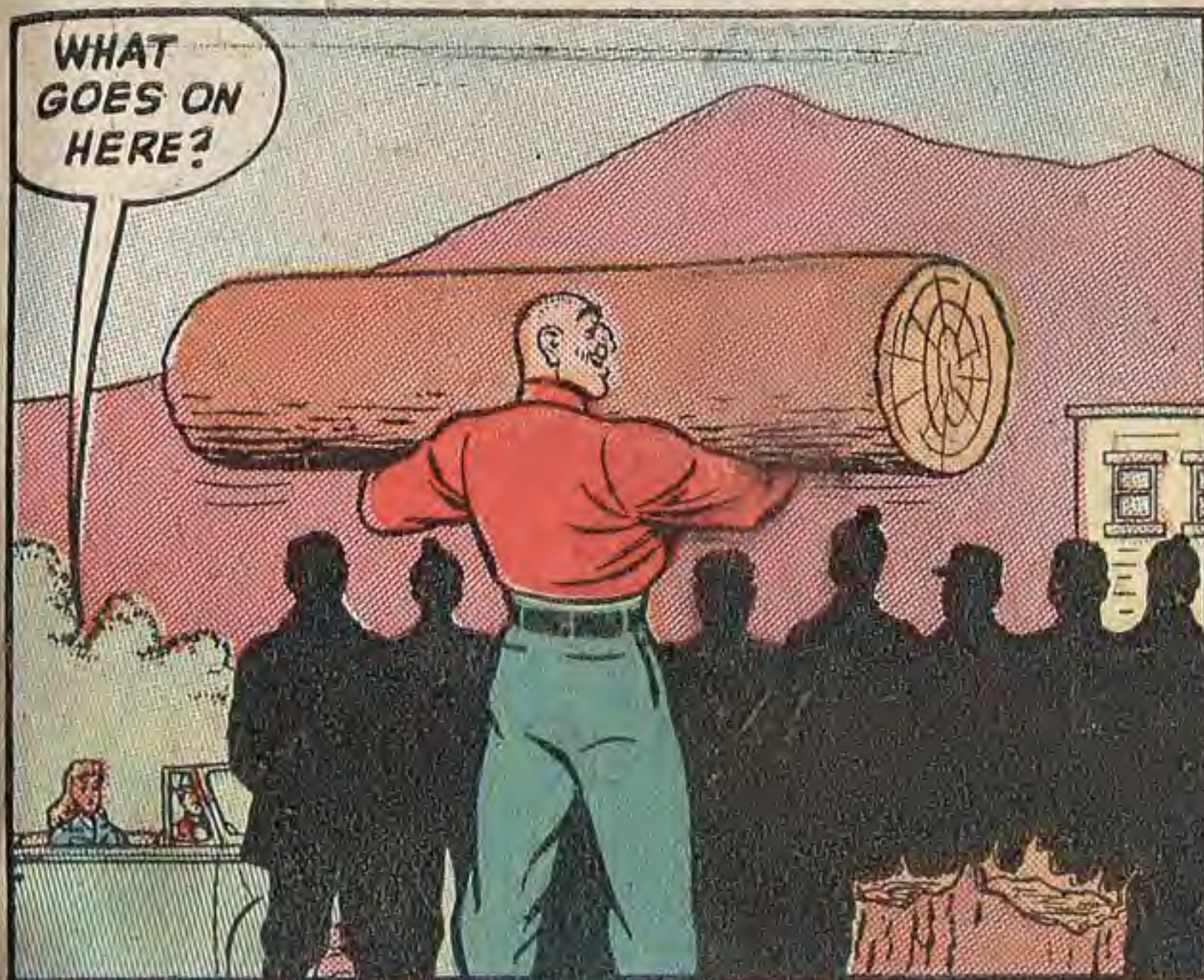
SURE!
AND THE
PEOPLE COME
BIG, TOO,
DAFFY!

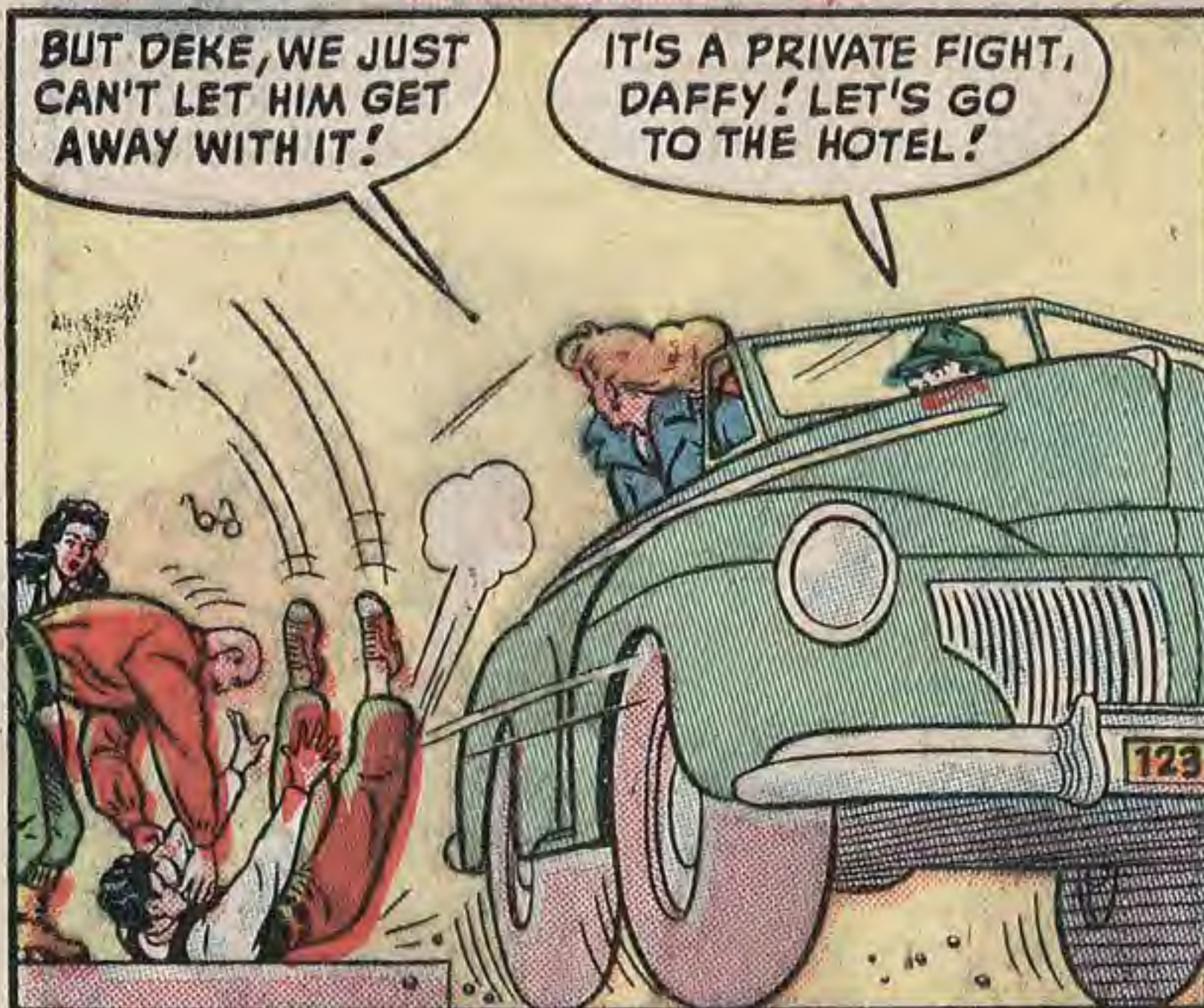
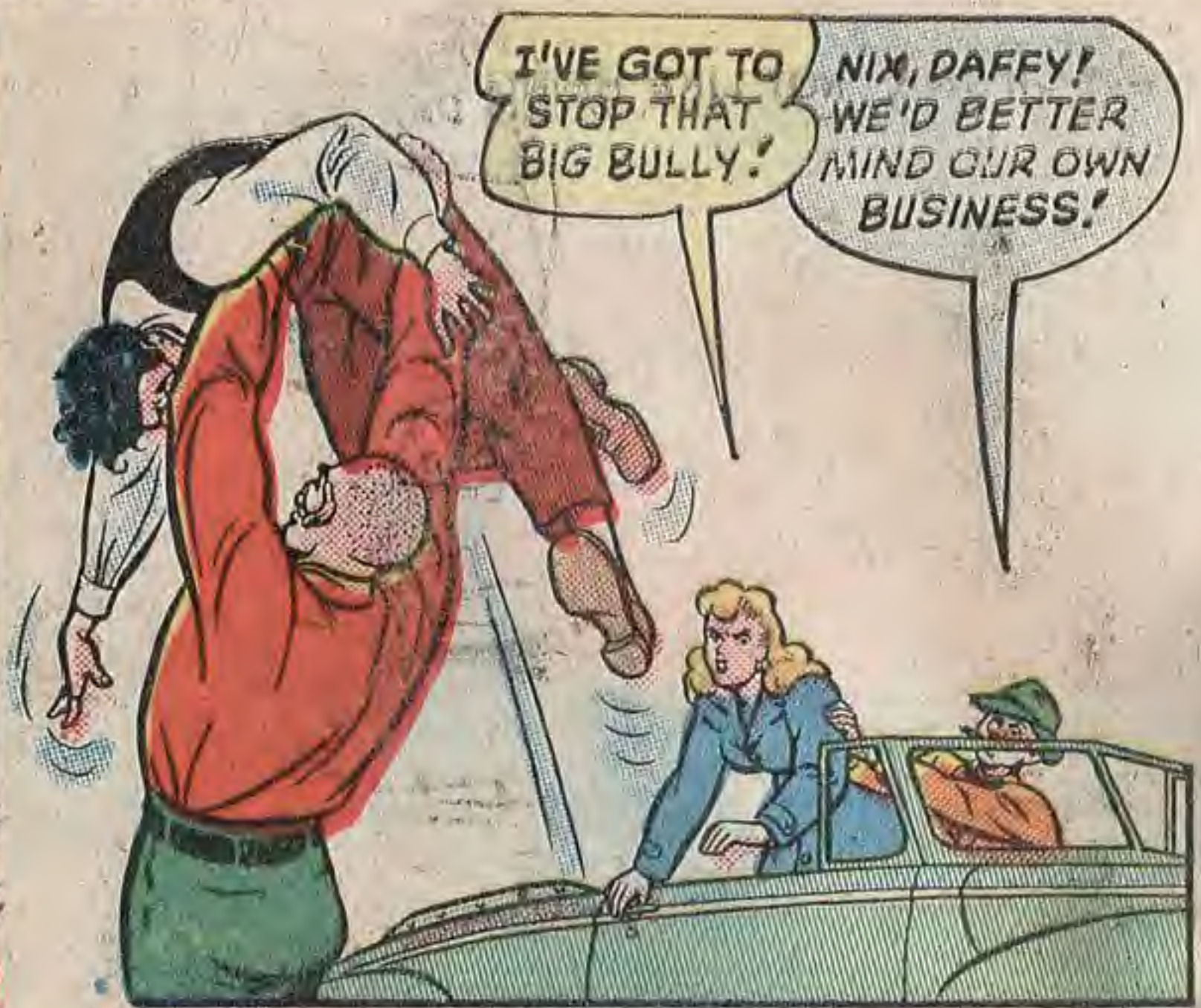


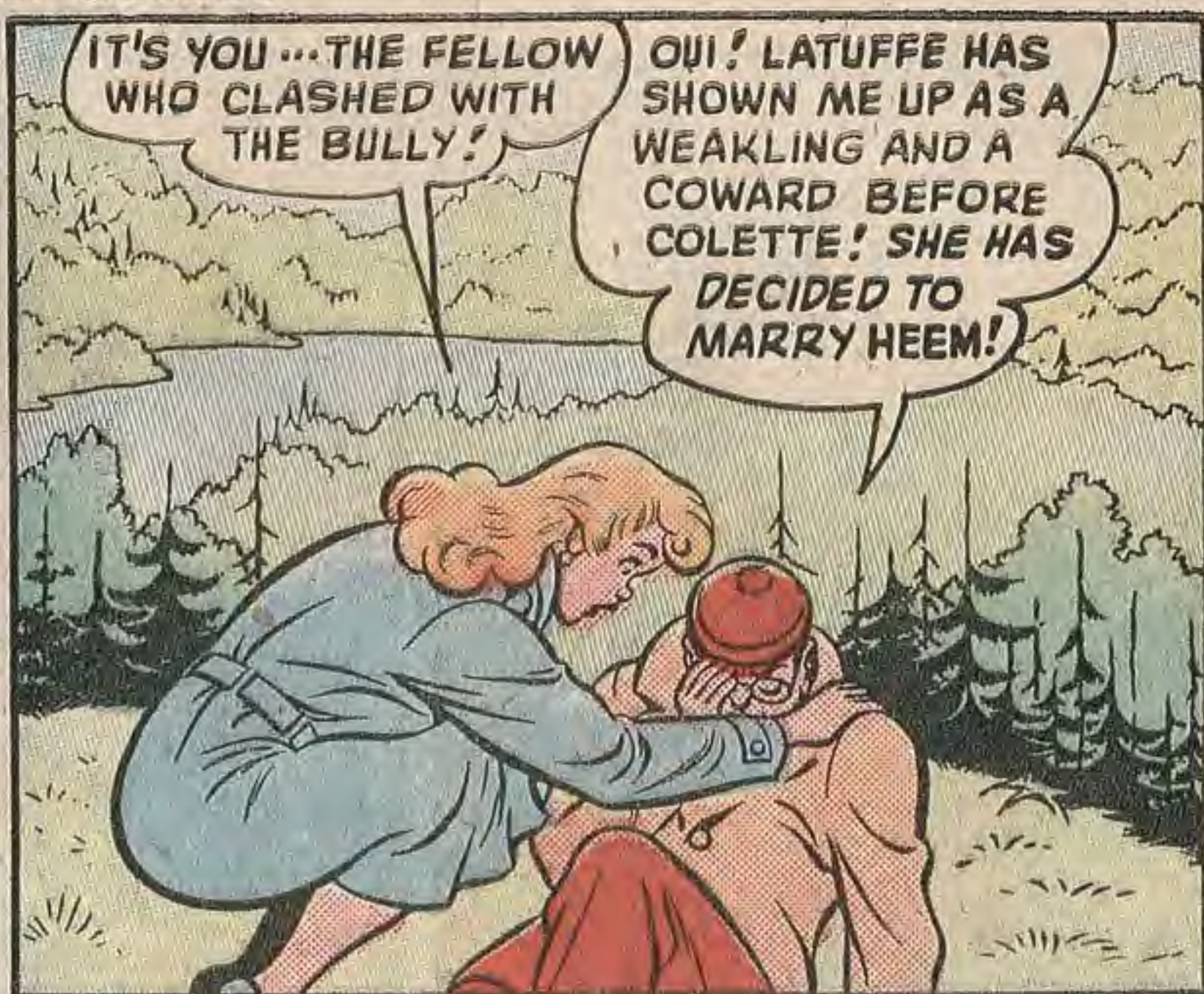
I DON'T HAVE ANY
IDEA WHO'LL BE
ENTERED AGAINST
YOU IN THE WEIGHT-
LIFTING CONTEST
HERE, BUT...

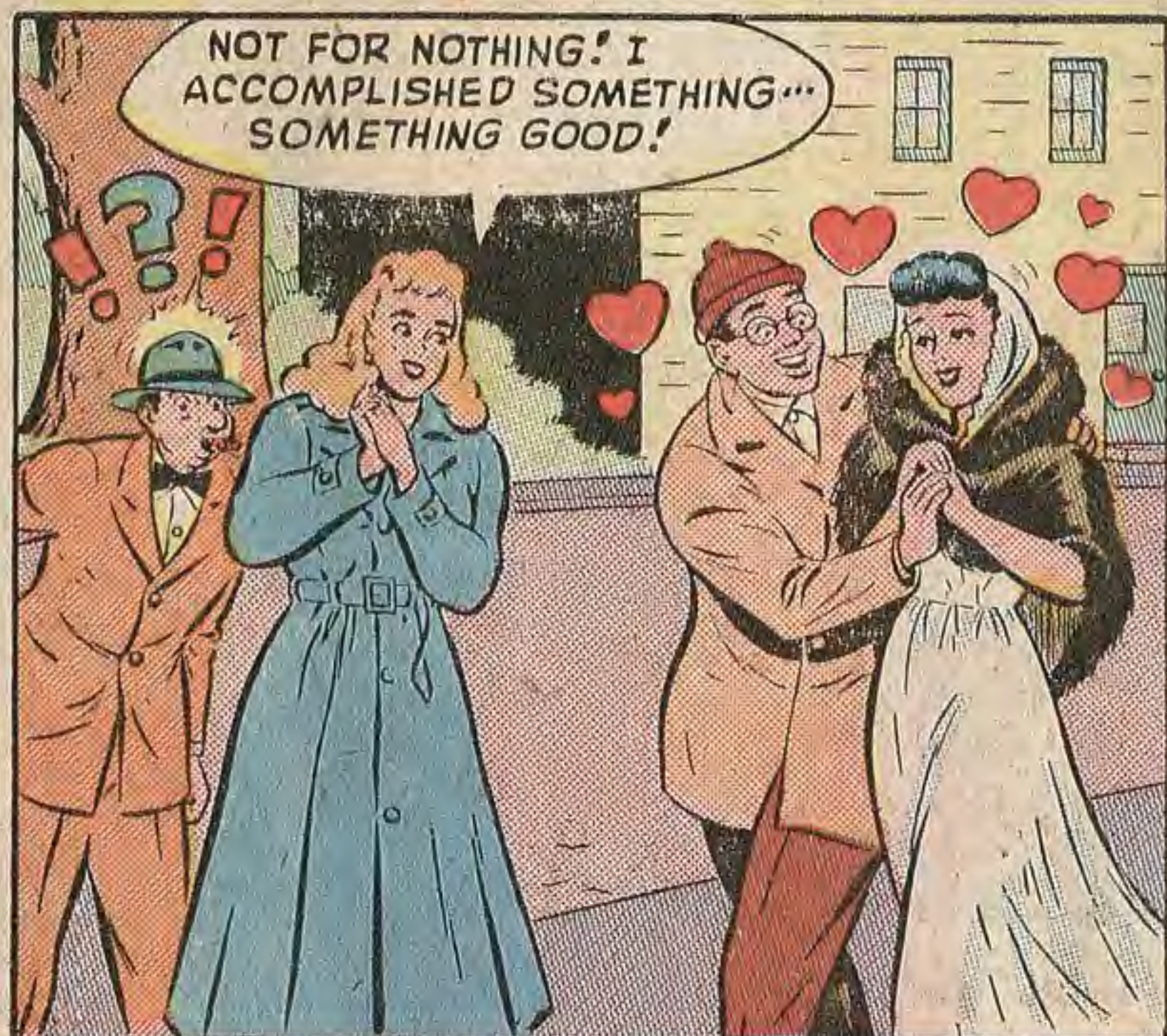
DON'T WORRY, DEKE...
I CAN STILL HOLD MY
OWN WITH THE BEST
OF THEM!











Amazing

NEW Mickey Mouse—Donald Duck

WEATHER FORECASTER



GIFT offer
We will send you a
genuine
**SUN DIAL
WRIST WATCH**
if you order your
Weather House
promptly

SEND NO MONEY

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The Weatherman is so certain you'll be thrilled with your Weather House that he makes this offer—Pay the postman \$1.49 plus postage—test the Weather House for accuracy, watch it closely, see how it works. Then if you're not 100% pleased, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and your money will be refunded in full!

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Complete—Only \$1.49

The Weatherman, Dept. QA

430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

- ☐ Rush 1 Mickey Mouse Weather House and sun dial wrist watch.
On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.49—postage prepaid.
- ☐ 2 for \$2.69 ☐ 6 for \$8.00 ☐ 12 for \$15.00

Name _____
(please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



BAMBOOZLING THE BANK ROBBERS



WHEN DESPERATE GUNMEN ROB THE TOWN BANK, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB GO INTO ACTION WITH A DARING PLAN!



...AND TELL THE POLICE TO BE THERE WITH GUNS DRAWN! SEE YOU LATER, BOYS...

EVERY SECOND COUNTS, A... THE JET BIKE RACES AHEAD OF THE ROBBERS...



GOOD THING THIS IS THE ONLY ROAD OUT OF TOWN... NOW TO PLANT THAT SIGN AT THE HIGHWAY TURN-OFF!

AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE-- RIGHT INTO A DEAD END TRAP! BUT THE SIGN...

...WAS MOVED TO THROW YOU OFF THE TRACK--INTO OUR HANDS!



GREAT WORK, BOYS! WE SURPRISED THOSE CROOKS WITH A ROYAL RECEPTION!



ROYAL IS RIGHT!--OUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES GAVE US PLENTY OF SPEED WITH SAFETY. RIGHT, FELLAS? AND, SAY, SPEAKING OF SURPRISES--I'VE GOT A REAL ONE WAITING FOR YOU...



LATER, AT THE CLUB...

A WHOLE COMIC BOOK ON BIKING? LET'S SEE IT, U.S....

TAKE IT EASY, THERE'S A COP WAITING FOR EACH OF YOU-- AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE DEALER'S!

AFTER ME TOM...



GET YOUR COPY OF
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE... CAPTURING BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-HEAD-- HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE... WOTTA SELLING JOB HE DOES ON POP!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR
BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW



U.S.
BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science